New Statesman

The Week-end Review

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MUGGERIDGE
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Debs Delight

Third Class to Europe

MR MACMILLAN'S long-awaited announcement that Britain will seek entry to the Common Market has rendered a confused situation still more obscure. Even the closest observers are unable to agree about the government's state of mind. The plunge is to be taken, wrote the *Guardian*, 'by a shivering government'; the announcement was 'hedged with doubts and reservations'. But *The Times*, by contrast, thought the Premier's words made it clear the government would act 'in no hesitant or half-hearted spirit.' No wonder the public is bewildered and uneasy – as the trend of the opinion polls shows. Mr Macmillan still seems quite unclear to what extent he will allow detailed Commonwealth objections to veto our entry, and in his confusion he was betrayed into a vague and foolish threat to switch the whole of Britain's foreign policy if the Common Market powers are unaccommodating. This is the language of desperation.

One thing is painfully clear. Britain is not merely seeking entry at the worst possible moment, when her economy is reeling and her bargaining power consequently at a minimum. She is also doing it under the personal leadership of a man whose powers are manifestly in decline. Mr Macmillan may screw up his remaining energies for his television appeal; but it is obvious from his recent parliamentary performances that his grip on events is weakening. His own errors – as well as those of a party too long in office – are now roosting with a vengeance. Like Ramsay Macdonald, a man he increasingly resembles, he will not resign: he is too fond of patronage and his followers cannot agree on a successor. Instead, he will lead us, stumbling blindly, into one of the most fateful decisions in all our history.

Happily, there is one gleam of light: the resurrection of the Labour Party. In recent weeks, for the first time, its front bench has spoken and acted like an alternative government, and there is a growing mood of confidence and unity behind it. At one point, the Common Market issue threatened to split the party from top to bottom. Mr Gaitskell has avoided this danger. His formula satisfied his Marketeers by refusing to oppose entry in principle, and their opponents by insisting on the paramountcy of the three basic conditions. Further, he has also made it clear that, even if the conditions are met, the approval of the Commonwealth governments must be formally obtained before Britain signs the treaty. This agreement on tactics was decisively clinched by Lord Attlee's tart intervention at the meeting of the Parliamentary Party.

Lord Attlee shrewdly touched on the heart of the problem: lack of information. As he said, the public has been deliberately kept in the dark by the government. Mr Macmillan has consistently refused to publish a White Paper on the issue, and the little available information is almost entirely polemical – most of it from Common Market lobbies. Plainly, the public cannot reach a considered judgement unless the alternatives are hammered out in the traditional manner of our parliamentary democracy. That is, by a general election.

So long as Labour was divided, not only on defence and economic policy but on the Common Market itself, no purpose would have been served by demanding that the government should go to the country. But the divisions are now healing, the party's spirit is stiffening as the crisis deepens and the issues themselves are sharpening. Few now demand Britain's entry at any cost; equally, few are prepared to reject on principle an arrangement which fully safeguards the political (as well as the economic) future of the Commonwealth, the interests of our agriculture, and Britain's right to determine her economic structure. The debate, in fact, revolves entirely around these provisos. The government is still confused as to how far it should insist on them. Labour is not. It is clear and united on the way to approach the Common Market problem. Now is the time to demand from the country a mandate to pursue it.

SPOTLIGHT ON POLITICS

Trial By Ordeal

ANTHONY HOWARD

By the time the Prime Minister rose in the Commons on Wednesday afternoon it was hard not to feel a little sorry for him. His failure to live up to the expectations of his supporters in last week's economic debate, his unfortunate post-luncheon statement about the Common Market on Monday, and the unkindly timed rumours as to his health from the Japanese news agency had all conspired together to make him seem as vulnerable as he has ever been. So it should be said at the start that in his speech commending the Common Market on Wednesday he did at least do something to retrieve himself.

It was not, in fact, a particularly impressive display, and the cheers at the end from the government benches were certainly more of relief than of exultation. But in a sober and subdued way the Prime Minister got by – and for the moment, after all the recent disasters, that was perhaps all he had to do. Mr Gaitskell may have managed to inflict a certain amount of damage – especially with his quotations from previous statements made by the Prime Minister, Mr Thorneycroft and Mr Maudling (all of which succeeded in making the Tory anti-marketeers look very happy boys) – but by Wednesday evening it seemed to be clear that the government had temporarily rounded a dangerous corner, at least so far as the division lobbies were concerned.

At this stage it is perhaps worth recalling just how quickly all the recent storm clouds have blown up. As short a time ago as the end of May we were all being assured that there was nothing fundamentally wrong with the government: it was just that there had been some slight loss of form and some faults in timing. No sooner, however, had the diagnosis been made than the government's condition began to look much more serious.

The main trouble probably was an extraordinary and sudden loss of confidence by Tory members in the Commons. It is clearly too early to say that we have seen the end of that stiff-lipped pattern of behaviour established all those years ago by Captain Margesson; but plainly things have changed a good deal when a member of the executive of the 1922 Committee can write a letter to *The Times* explaining persuasively why he had been unable to support the Chancellor's remedies – and then find himself begged to remain in his post.

That incident, however, may well in itself have been one of the clearer signposts of the week. For the time being the government seems to have decided that it had better try and humour its supporters in the Commons. There has, for example, been no prompt reprisal inflicted on Mr Anthony Fell for his clearly pre-meditated outburst on Monday; he stood glowering with impunity behind the Serjeant at Arms' chair throughout Mr Macmillan's speech on Wednesday. Nor apparently have the various men, who through the past week have meddled with many motions, been bullied at all mercilessly: only one name has been withdrawn and that had got there by mistake in the first place.

It is no doubt an understandable reaction to all that has recently taken place – though it is perhaps worth noticing that in braver and more cheerful days much less gentle methods were being used on, for example, erring PPSs. Nonetheless one suspects that from now on the Labour Party may make a mistake if it bases any of its own tactics and strategies on the prospects of divisions in the Tory ranks. Certainly they will still be there, but they may not be as easy to exploit in the future.

Perhaps indeed this week the Labour Party was a little too conscious of its own cleverness. Mr Gaitskell certainly succeeded in solidifying the party's ranks with what he openly referred to as his 'package deal': but he still finds himself in the curious position not only of having been abandoned on the Common Market issue by two of his normally most dependable allies – the *Daily Mirror* and the *Daily Herald* – but also of being actively rebuked by them.

But it would have been hard to find men more pleased with themselves than were the majority of Labour MPs early this week. Their cunning and skill over the Common Market issue appeared to them as a cause of wonderment and awe. That meeting in Committee Room Number 14 on Tuesday morning had apparently gone like a dream. 'Why', commented one loyal legionnaire proudly, 'it even ended with Tony Crosland and Emanuel Shinwell standing shoulder to shoulder behind the party's policy for the debate'. And it was widely agreed that with only two votes – both 'Europeans', Mr Woodrow Wyatt and Mr R. E. Winterbottom – recorded against the proposed Labour amendment, the party meeting had given a fairly emphatic answer to the familiar claim that if the Tories are split on the question, their divisions are as nothing as compared with those of the Labour Party.

Certainly that claim does now look hard to uphold. Three times this week (twice before the Common Market debate, and once during it) the 47 signatories of the original rebel Tory motion assembled and took counsel together. Even those meetings were not wholly cordial. The one on Monday evening, for example (which Mr Anthony Fell had the discretion not to attend), turned into something of a pitched battle between those who wished to march resolutely to the stake, and those who saw in running away the supreme advantage of living to fight another day. That meeting ended with the rout of Lord Hinchingbrooke, Mr Biggs-Davison and Mr Paul Williams – and it set the pattern for the rest of the week. It would be a mistake, however, to think that the tactical withdrawal by the Tory anti-marketeers this week means that they have surrendered. It was rather the Prime Minister's own significant shift of position from finding no point in entering into any negotiations unless one could be confident of success, to saying 'No sir. I am not confident, but I am hopeful' that enabled them to buy time with honour.

On what they do with that time will depend any influence that they may have. Obviously at the August fetes there will be the occasional passages of fighting words, and one may even look forward to someone like Mr Paul Williams being cheered to the echo at the October Tory Party conference. But to rise above token gestures they will clearly have to do more than that. And here one may note that two of the more disturbing reports to have reached the assiduous Tory Whips this week have been of the coming publication of a document to be called *A Positive Commonwealth Policy*, and of a proposed trip by at least one of the Tory rebels around the prime ministers' offices in the various Commonwealth capitals. The last in particular, it is suspected, could cause a good deal of trouble.

In the Conservative Central Office, we may be sure, they are now watching the post-bag very carefully. Ten days, after all, still remain in which resolutions can be submitted for the Conservative Party Conference; and although throughout most of the country the heads have probably already nodded wisely in agreement in the constitutional clubs, and the faces lit up admiringly in the rural drawing-rooms at the chairman's choice of wording, this year's gathering of the Tory clans at Brighton could yet turn into the most revealing one since the war.

For, of course, the most intriguing aspect of the events of the last few weeks is the effect that they must have had on the morale of the Conservative Party supporter. He could perhaps be forgiven for wondering when the swallowing is going to stop – the economic crisis, the threat of a sacrifice of sovereignty, the prestige blow of Kenyatta's release should all add up to a fairly formidable measure of political indigestion.

There are, in fact, two sharply contrasting Tory views about the coming recess. One is that it comes as a means of respite at a most welcome moment, and the other is that the most damaging thing about the culmination of happenings in the past few weeks is that they will inevitably leave the electorate with a most unfortunate impression to fester in its mind for the next three months. Certainly not since 1956 has the Conservative Party ended a parliamentary session in quite such disarray. And soon there may be more people than Lord Hailsham looking back nostalgically to earlier and happier days when Mr R. A. Butler did not preside over both the party's business in the Commons and its organisation in the country.

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NEXT WEEK

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A special survey

C. P. Snow

on Scottish Education

Comments on the Week's News

Washington

Berlin Attitudes

ROBERT BENDINER *writes:* What is clear in the aftermath of the President's speech is that, whatever success he has had in convincing Krushchev he is in earnest over Berlin, he has skilfully kept from stirring up any passions here or conveying the slightest sense that war is inevitable. True, his dwelling on the need for shelters 'if bombs begin to fall' might have helped condition people to an acceptance of nuclear war, but an air of unreality about the prospect kept it from evoking anything like a panicky response. Except for an initial flurry of telephone calls from youths to their draft boards, the country seemed to go on about its business, which has improved a bit, and to talk about the humidity, which has not.

In part this calm reaction derived, I think, from the remarkable disproportion between the seriousness of the Berlin crisis, as Mr Kennedy described it, and the measures he proposed for dealing with it. The slight additional manpower he called for can be had without stirring more than a ripple in the public consciousness.

It is quite true that an additional $3,000 million and more for the defence establishment has a more substantial sound, but the note of sacrifice was muted by piddling pledges to reduce the post office deficit, plug such tax loopholes as expense account deductions, and balance the budget by January. It was as though the President had started out addressing himself to Krushchev and wound up reassuring Republicans on Capitol Hill.

Mr Kennedy is getting all that he asked for from Congress to deal with the Berlin crisis. The unpleasant possibility is that he will get more than he wants from those Republicans for whom there is no sound in the world so sweet as a clarion call for Congress to balance the budget.

The minority leader in the House immediately proposed not only dropping all pending social legislation but even 'trimming back' some that had already been passed. A hard-crusted colleague from Michigan expressed the view that the President 'must forget – I hope and think he will – every so-called social or other gain which does not contribute toward winning the war which may come.' And another followed with specific proposals for fighting off the Communist threat by killing a bill to spend Federal funds on the building of new schools.

On the positive side, the Kennedy speech did break ground for a public acceptance of the possibility that differences over Berlin can be negotiated, that total intransigence on this front is not the very badge and seal of the loyal citizen, as it has all too dangerously become with respect to China. Neither the President nor Secretary of State Rusk has been specific about what might be negotiated, but in view of the appalling failure of open diplomacy bawled from the rooftops, their circumspection is hopeful rather than otherwise.

Certainly the newspapers have been full of tips on the subject – inspired, deduced, and imagined. Mostly these have to do with the familiar concessions which have not so far excited the Russians, but others are being aired by sober observers and commentators. A corridor linking West Germany to West Berlin in exchange for Allied agreement on the permanence of the Oder-Neisse boundary is one. A non-aggression pact to relieve Russian fears is another. The influential *Washington Post* bluntly urges the dropping of western insistence on the ultimate reunification of Germany: 'Insistence on such a point as in the case of past western notes, is a piece of stale ritual, for the bargaining tender has become virtually worthless. This is one straw in the wind.

In the background is the sobering voice of Senator Fulbright, who heads the Foreign Relations Committee. Against Senator Goldwater's infantile call for 'total victory,' he poses the refreshing thought that 'We are neither omniscient nor omnipotent and we cannot aspire to make the world over in our image. Our proper objective is a continuing effort to limit the world struggle for power and to bring it under civilised rules.'

Fleet Street

Macmillan at Bay

FRANCIS WILLIAMS *writes*: Mr Macmillan's Public Relations Adviser must be having a tough time these days. Those digests of the national press which used to bring such cheering news when laid on the Prime Minister's desk in the Cabinet Room bring a very different story now. It is a long time since any prime minister, certainly any Conservative prime minister, had so bad a press. Eden on the eve of his fall, perhaps. Neville Chamberlain in 1940 possibly – and the *Sunday Telegraph* actually makes the comparison. Nor is it just Mr Selwyn Lloyd's Budget, which found no friends anywhere, nor the Common Market statement, which had been canvassed so much in advance that no one was in the mood to pretend it either decisive or bold. It is Mr Macmillan himself. It was no surprise to anyone when the *Daily Mail* announced on Monday that its public opinion poll had disclosed that: 'Mr Macmillan's standing in the country has sunk to a new low' and that for the first time since the general election Labour was ahead of the Conservatives. Fleet Street itself had already come firmly to the same conclusion.

The Sunday papers, with a day or two to brood in between, were even more significant than the dailies. The normal procedure on occasions of this kind is for those supporters of the Prime Minister with friends in the right places to set to work to persuade the Sunday papers – or at any rate the more serious-minded of them – to 'put things in perspective' at the weekend. If any such efforts were made this time they proved notably unsuccessful so far as Mr Macmillan's reputation is concerned. Looked at in perspective it came out even worse than before. The *Observer* reported on the 'dismay and disillusionment which have swept through the Conservatives'. As to the possibility of a recovery in his reputation, it reported darkly the comment: 'In politics when the fire goes out it never rekindles.' The *Sunday Times*, conscious no doubt of earlier days when it had seen in him

'Up and up and up, and on and on and on . . .' — Mr Harold Macdonald

the concentrated essence of the virtues of every Prime Minister of any note in this century, was a little kinder. But it was the *Sunday Telegraph* which really turned the knife in the wound. It is a long while since I have read anything more bitter than the summing up of its political commentator, Peregrine Worsthorne, who found Mr Macmillan's appearance, 'tired, reproachful, wan,' starkly reminiscent of Chamberlain 'on that agonising night in 1940' and the disenchantment of the Conservatives hardly less than then. But it was, he told his readers, 'the Norway debate without a Churchill waiting in the wings.' 'What was so grim and awesome about watching the wind spurting out of Mr Macmillan's pricked balloon' was the knowledge that 'whereas the Norway debate destroyed an Aunt Sally and brought forth a father figure, last week's debate merely resulted, at an equally critical moment in our destinies, in destroying a father figure and creating an Aunt Sally.'

* * *

So far as Fleet Street itself is concerned, the latest batch of circulation figures disclose that the *Mail* has succeeded in holding over the last eight months far more of the *News Chronicle* readers than most people had expected. Its average circulation for the first six months of this year was over 2,687,000 which is some 622,000 higher than that for the comparable six months a year ago. Although old *News Chronicle* readers must sometimes find its leading articles a little odd and hard to stomach, its success is on the whole justified. As a newspaper it seems to me to be greatly improved. But it is still a long way off being able to give the *Daily Express* a run for its money. With a circulation figure of 4,313,000 the *Express* has won another 170,000 readers to its cause – or at any rate its entertainment. Lord Beaverbrook is now said to be contemplating opening several new printing plants in the provinces in order still further to increase its coverage and, so far as one can see, there is nothing that can prevent him going so far ahead of the rest of the field (text papers, not tabloids, where the *Mirror* still leads him) as to be beyond anyone's power to catch up.

Moscow

Cash Morality

Our Moscow Correspondent writes: Of the many events of this high summer none has caused such a stir as the trial and execution of two young men for large-scale currency offences. Admission to the trial of Rokotov and Faibishenko was by ticket only, but fairly full accounts were published and what did not appear in print soon became public knowledge.

The growth of a black market in foreign currency was concurrent with the relaxation of restrictions on foreign travel for Soviet citizens and, to a lesser extent, with the appearance in Moscow and Leningrad of more foreigners. The State Bank permits the conversion of roubles into foreign currency to an extent adequate to provide Soviet travellers with pocket-money; but the amount falls far short of what most travellers could afford to take with them to spend on consumer goods. Evidence at the trial pointed to constant infringements of the law in scientific, literary and sporting circles.

It is doubtful, however, whether so much publicity would have been given to this trial or whether the authorities would have taken the unusual step of condemning the culprits to death by retroactive application of the law, if their intention had been solely to close down the black market. Rokotov and his collaborators, quite apart from their offences in the currency business, were exposed as the very epitome of those ne'er-do-wells who, we are constantly being told here these days, have no right to exist in a society making a conscientious effort to create a new kind of morality. They are to be excluded from it by exile or, in extreme case, by death.

Rokotov is being described as a young man with a cynical contempt for the law (he used to sit in the 'Aragvi' restaurant with a pile of dollar bills under his elbow and argue with the plain-clothes men at the same table that he was breaking no law). He had an almost fantastic skill at profiting from other people's shortages: imprisoned on a previous occasion he left the camp 200,000 roubles the richer by buying pork from the Moslem prisoners and selling it to the other detainees. During his trial he was arrogant and self-assured, telling the court that he had no doubt he would be given the maximum sentence. He was. Fifteen years. Shortly afterwards, the law was amended to include the death penalty for aggravated offences of this nature, and when the appeal of the prosecution against the leniency of the original sentence was heard, the death sentence was imposed – retroactively.

No tears are being shed for Rokotov. People have been executed for much less within the memory of most Russians. But the incident has nevertheless made a very deep impression; it has reminded the public that a 'return to Leninist principles' means a closer observance of Lenin's interpretation of the dictatorship of the proletariat – democracy for the vast majority, the most ruthless suppression of those who exploit the public.

Kenya

Too Little, Too Late

Our Commonwealth Correspondent writes: The Colonial Secretary and the Governor of Kenya seem determined to reap the minimum benefit and provoke the maximum hostility from their handling of the Kenyatta case. They have at last agreed to lift the order restricting Kenyatta's movements. If they had done so four months ago they would have gained the trust of the African community. The two African parties would have been working together and Kenya would have been moving towards inter-racial tolerance based on a growing confidence. Instead they temporised, suggesting that Kenyatta was an evil man whose liberty would endanger security. They thus gratuitously antagonised the Africans and encouraged the reactionary faction of the white settlers. Now, by releasing him when security conditions are certainly no better than earlier in the year, they will earn both African contempt and white anger at this 'betrayal'.

The condition that Kenyatta will not be allowed to sit in the Legislative Council simply compounds this stupidity. Just as everyone knew that Kenyatta would eventually have to be released, so it is obvious that it is merely a matter of time before he takes a seat in the Council if he wishes to do so. It may be that Kenyatta will choose to participate in East African federation rather than in the narrower Kenyan affairs. His conception of nationalism has always extended beyond present territorial boundaries. But, even so, it will be remembered that the British government continued to humiliate him as long as it had the power to do so.

Going on Holiday?

Readers holiday-making in France, Italy and other countries on the Continent should find copies of the NEW STATESMAN *at foreign-newspaper kiosks in most of the main centres. If you will be off the beaten track (at home or abroad) we will post your copy to you; simply send us your address and 1s. per copy.*

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New Guinea

Coconut Republic?

A correspondent in Sydney writes: The shooting which ended the riots in Rabaul on Sunday has drawn attention to the rising tension in the territories which Australia holds as a UN trusteeship. Most of the 20,000 whites in the Australian half of New Guinea seem unable to accept the fact that their days are numbered and they will either have to get out or at least surrender power to some 'representatives' of the 2,000,000 Papuans within the next few years. Since Papuans live in primitive and isolated villages with no sense of being a nation (they speak over 500 languages), the idea of self-government strikes the white settlers as beneath discussion.

Yet there are three pressures forcing a change of policy in New Guinea. The first is the UN Trusteeship Council: in July it rejected a ridiculous Russian resolution for full and immediate independence for Australian New Guinea by only one vote. The second is the influence of the Dutch across the border, who are preparing to leave their half of New Guinea within 10 years and are pushing through an educational and political programme designed to leave behind a Papuan élite capable of running the country. The third is the emerging Papuan nationalists.

These nationalists must be contrasted rather than compared with the nationalists in the former British colonies of, say, Africa. Papuan nationalism has no lawyers, no economists, no journalists. Australian policy has been until recently so unsophisticated that there is still not one Papuan university graduate. They are educated or semi-educated government clerks, teachers, medical officers and businessmen, the leaders of co-operatives, of village councils and of local government councils. Their main centre is Port Moresby. It was here that the first Papuan trade union was formed – the New Guinea Workers' Association – despite unofficial government hostility; it was here in January that native soldiers of the Pacific Islands Regiment rioted and assaulted their Australian officers after six of the troops had been gaoled for leading demands for higher pay; it is here that there is always a pool of discontented unemployed.

The basic defect of the Australian government's policy has been its espousal in the last few years of what it calls 'the doctrine of uniform development' According to this doctrine no native élite should be allowed to establish itself until all Papuans, including the most backward, are sufficiently educated to be able to resist political and economic exploitation by such an élite.

But this policy would require at least 100 years, while the Australian government will be lucky to get 15; therefore its fine phrases simply put an idealistic gloss on racialism and paternalism. For paternalism reinforces the prevalent racialism – the segregated residential areas, the exclusion of Papuans from certain cinemas, separate serving hatches in some shops, glasses for whites in some milk bars but straws in a bottle for Papuans, the general belief that No White Woman is Safe with Them, and so on. Even the most sympathetic Australians find only a few Papuans with whom they *can* have an intelligent conversation. 'Uniform development' has held the Papuans back, and sustained inequality.

If Indonesia does not attack Dutch New Guinea, the Australian and Dutch political programmes will probably be co-ordinated under pressure from Papuan nationalists on both sides of the boundary, and the two territories united as an independent nation in the next decade or so. If the new nation turns out, as is quite likely, to be an unstable and backward coconut republic, the fault will be at least partly the Australian government's for having followed the policy of 'uniform development' long after it ceased to be either commonsense or an idealistic excuse for doing so little so late.

Nikita Krushchev's Utopia

The party programme published in Moscow on Sunday presents Mr Krushchev's claim to a place in the Communist pantheon. Marx and Engels were the founding fathers, Lenin the creator of the Soviet state and Stalin the builder of Socialism. Now Nikita Krushchev appears as the architect of the Communist society.

It is this claim that makes the new programme unique among the stream of documents and manifestoes which have gushed abundantly from the Communist movement. For until now Communist theoreticians have insisted that it was premature to discuss what 'full Communism' would be like or even to speculate how precisely it was to be achieved. It always remained the ultimate goal in an indefinite future. But this week, little more than five years after Krushchev staggered the Communist world at the 20th Congress, he has chosen to proclaim both the means and the date by which that goal is to be reached.

This is the new and important part of the programme. Its opening passages restate the themes which Krushchev has been developing in the last three years – a process that culminated in their endorsement last year by the conference of the 81 Communist Parties. War is not inevitable, because 'the mighty Socialist camp, the peace-loving non-Socialist countries, the international working class and all the forces championing peace' can banish war even while capitalism survives in part of the world. This change in the balance of power means that colonial peoples can achieve their freedom and that, in certain cases, the working class can achieve power by peaceful means. The period of 'capitalist encirclement' has come to an end and it is thus possible to envisage the steady – and increasingly rapid – extension of the Socialist system.

It has not been easy for Krushchev to establish this point of view, and with it his own ideological supremacy within the world Communist movement. The Chinese have been its most formidable critics, but he has also had to carry on a long controversy within the Soviet party against 'doctrinaires' who opposed his sweeping revision of Stalin's cherished but sterile formulations. But, point by point, he has woven each tactical victory into a grand design which is nothing less than the triumph of Communism in this century.

It is in this context that one must judge each of the specific proposals for transforming Soviet society in two or three decades. The most urgent, obviously, are those for raising industrial output and lifting Soviet agriculture out of its condition of chronic inefficiency: without dramatic progress in these respects it will be impossible to achieve the targets set for higher standards of living, social welfare, education and culture. It would be foolish, in the light of what has already been achieved in the Soviet Union, to say flatly that the targets are wholly unattainable. But, given the state of agriculture and housing, it is improbable that the goals set in this programme will be reached by 1980.

Soviet citizens may themselves be sceptical about the speed of advance. They are, however, no longer living on promises. In recent years their standards have begun to rise, and the importance of Krushchev's programme for them is that 'abundance' is now envisaged at least within their children's lifetime. In this may lie one clue to the origin and nature of this document: it is to provide the material incentives so lacking in the first hard half-century.

This could have been done, however, without raising the issue of 'full Communism' – with all the theoretical argument that this requires. Why, then, has Krushchev chosen to define in detail the forms of government, personal relations and social morality which are a condition of Communist society? It is because Soviet society today, no longer technically backward and increasingly complex, requires a new rationale. Lenin provided it with a doctrine of revolution; Stalin gave it the ideology of survival; it is Krushchev's role to provide it with the social concepts that fit the epoch of its power and fast-growing material achievement.

These, by the nature of the Soviet system, cannot be those of western society: they are bound to be collectivist. It may 'catch up and surpass' the capitalist states in terms of economic growth, but it requires some coherent method of distributing the rewards of such expansion. The expansion, indeed, may only occur as means are found to liberate Soviet society from the straightjacket which Stalin's methods imposed on it.

This is the end to which, in many devious ways and empirically, Krushchev seems to have been working for the last five years. But how to achieve such a loosening of the system without wrecking social discipline? The nearer the Soviet Union comes to its own form of the affluent society the more it faces such problems of personal behaviour, initiative and social values. These, in fact, are more difficult for Krushchev to tackle than they are in the individualist societies of the West. We have already seen how, in Russia, the improvement in conditions and the easing of the 'administrative' measures Stalin employed has led to such problems: the only answer Krushchev can devise – as recent legislation reveals – is to strengthen 'Socialist morality'.

At this point, however, Krushchev confronts one of the oldest challenges: Socialism can't change human nature. To that, in the one society that has been collectivist for a generation, Krushchev's only answer must be to assert that it can and must change human behaviour. That is why, in the later passages of this programme, all the traditional goals of Socialist utopias are called in aid. For the next two decades all the apparatus of the Soviet system is to be used to educate its citizens to live by a new code that might in part have been taken directly from Morris's *News from Nowhere*.

It is an incredibly ambitious task, and one that, considering the past, may induce derision or at least deep scepticism. Communist practice has too often and too tragically deviated from Communist precept. But it is an objective on which the future progress of Soviet society in fact depends. Mr Krushchev may, in tactical terms, be an empiricist, yet when he talks in terms of fundamental Marxist theory, it is wise on his record to assume he means what he says.

The Other Side of Berlin

JOHN MANDER

Whether we like it or not, in the next few months we shall all be making the acquaintance of the German Democratic Republic. The degree of intimacy is a matter for negotiation. With luck, we may escape with *de facto*, if hard-pressed we may have to accept *de jure*, recognition. In either case, the price must be a watertight guarantee for the future of West Berlin. But one thing is certain. We shall have to stop talking, in polite western diplomatic parlance, of the 'so-called' German Democratic Republic. Herr Ulbricht's republic exists, has existed, and will continue to exist – unless we are going to make the price of its non-existence our own. What sort of figure is Herr Ulbricht's republic likely to cut in polite society?

The German Democratic Republic is a second-best. What the Russians wanted after 1945 was a Communist Germany. On paper, too, they had every reason to expect it. In their zone of occupation they had a secure base for the subversion of the rest of Germany. In the western zones, they were speculating on the cumulative misery of a population swollen by 10 million refugees. The West could be relied on to demobilise and withdraw; the German revolution would then take its course. The triumphant German Communists would, of course, be subservient to Moscow; Stalin had made sure of that during the pre-war purges. A united Germany under Ulbricht would be safe for Stalinism.

The Russians are not lying when they say they wanted a united Germany in 1945, and regarded an East German state as a poor substitute. They are confessing to a humiliating truth: that by 1948, in the political battle for Germany, the West had won a remarkable victory.

German unity once broken, Stalin had to remake his jigsaw. The pieces he had were not impressive. There was Mecklenburg on the Baltic seaboard, economically undeveloped until 1945 and politically under the heel of its *Junkers*. The new republic had no ocean-port. Again, the central province of Brandenburg, Berlin's agrarian hinterland, was no less politically and economically backward than the north: Brandenburg had once been the heartland of Prussianism. Here, Communism could expect no natural support: the big stick of the party boss would have to replace

that of the *Junker*. Only in the South, in the traditionally 'red' provinces of industrial Saxony and Thuringia, would Ulbricht have solid ground under his feet. Yet precisely there, old Social Democrat loyalties tended to make the working class resistant to Stalinist indoctrination.

Of course, Ulbricht had Berlin too. Or half of it. And in Berlin Communism had deep roots. In addition to its prestige as the capital, Berlin was still the most powerful industrial city in Germany. No wonder the Russians were determined, in 1948, to squeeze the western powers out of the city; the viability of an East German state seemed to depend on its possession. In fact, the blockade merely consolidated anti-Soviet feeling all over Germany, and rendered a negotiated western withdrawal from Berlin impossible. Thus Herr Ulbricht's republic, coming into existence in October 1949, was thrown on to the defensive from the start. But if a western withdrawal from Berlin had become unthinkable, a Soviet withdrawal from East Germany was still less so. Strategically, both sides were caught in forward positions which they could neither retreat from, nor adequately support.

Since the blockade, the struggle for Berlin and East Germany has had two distinct phases. In the first, while the Russians accepted the strategic deadlock, the West did not. The Dulles strategy saw West Berlin as the bridgehead from which a 'roll-back' of Communist power in Eastern Europe might be launched. The immediate aim was the subversion and demoralisation of the Ulbricht regime. This first phase of the West's Berlin policy was not without a certain logic: it exploited the West's tactical advantage to some purpose.

But this forward strategy had one serious flaw: it was doomed to success. By ignoring the strategic deadlock, the policy of subversion was bound to fail in the moment of its triumph. This is what happened on 17 June 1953. No sooner had an actual rising taken place in the Soviet zone than American policy was compelled to go into reverse. The American-controlled radio station in West Berlin had to appeal to the people of East Germany to refrain from violence against Herr Ulbricht's regime. As in Hungary, the West made its implicit acceptance of Communist authority plain. At the critical moment, the price of subversion was seen to be too high. The West's bluff had been called.

But it was left to Mr Krushchev in 1958, once nuclear parity was assured, to grasp and apply the logic of this situation. Essentially, he was asking the West to accept the consequences of its inaction on 17 June 1953, to understand that it had no more interest in a rising in eastern Europe than the Kremlin in a second Paris Commune. He asked for a recognition of the status quo. This, certainly, is how the matter is seen by the East Germans themselves. They know that there is no way, short of war, of breaking Soviet power in East Germany; and they know that war in Germany must mean world war.

But the logic of the situation does not end there. If the West has no interest in a rising, what is the purpose of subversion? Paradoxically, the weaker the regime, the more insistently will the Communists demand a solution of the 'Berlin problem', and the more indispensable will Ulbricht appear to his Communist masters. Thus the present troubles in the GDR, reported with much *Schadenfreude* in the West German press, are in nobody's interest, least of all the West Germans. To some extent, of course, it is not West German propaganda, but the existence of West Germany that is subversive. Every East German knows that he has only to cross the border to taste the delights of the affluent society. Nobody is to blame for this. But what the West Germans do not see is that Herr Ulbricht's weakness is not necessarily our strength. It is precisely the chronic weakness of Herr Ulbricht's satrapy which is at the root of our present troubles.

Yet this weakness is relative, and has been exaggerated in the West. Compared with West Germany, of course, the GDR is a non-starter. But the comparison is unfair. Before the war, this part of Germany had almost no iron and steel or hard coal production of its own. It depended on the Ruhr. It had only one natural resource – soft coal. Its soil included some of the poorest in Germany. All raw materials for the great chemical, textile and machine-tool plants of Saxony had to be imported. Yet the GDR now produces some three million tons of steel a year; and is building at Schwedt one of the largest oil refineries in Europe. Under the COMECON plan, East Germany is destined to become the chemical laboratory of the Soviet bloc. Within that bloc, the GDR's economy is today second only to that of the Soviet Union. Among the economies of Europe, she occupies sixth place. The population, admittedly, sees little practical evidence of this second German 'economic miracle'. But it is undeniably impressive. On economic grounds alone, Mr Krushchev could not permit East Germany's secession from the eastern bloc.

But there are political reasons too why the GDR has become, particularly since 1956, indispensable to the Soviet Union. The GDR is the bulwark against the Bonn 'militarists and revanchists'; but it is also, as a West Berliner put it to me, 'the cork in the champagne bottle'. Remove it and the heady wine of Polish revisionism would come bubbling out. It is plain enough, talking to people in East Germany, that the authorities are out to keep contacts of any kind with Poland to a minimum; despite the GDR's recognition of the Oder-Neisse line, there is no love lost between Poles and East Germans. Yet as long as the ideological unsoundess of the Poles continues, the *cordon sanitaire* formed by Czechoslovakia and the GDR will be essential to the Soviet Union. It was doubtless for this reason that Krushchev, during the party crisis of 1956-58, finally came down on the side of Ulbricht against the Schirdewan-Wollweber group. And it can be assumed that Ulbricht will show his gratitude by supporting Krushchev in his ideological struggle with the Chinese. By now, Ulbricht is the only Communist leader who has been continuously in power since the end of the war. It would be a mistake to write him off as a mere puppet.

The German Democratic Republic, then, is not quite the tottering wreck it is often painted. Which is not to say that it is pleasant to live there: it is not. The practical question, however, since the GDR is likely to be a permanent feature of the landscape, is how to improve the lot of its inhabitants. Recognition of some kind, and a guarantee of the present frontier on the Elbe (in which the Russians may well be more interested than the Oder-Neisse line), would remove some of the fears – however unreal – of West German aggression that exists in Eastern Europe. These fears, coupled with the instability of Herr Ulbricht's regime – rather than any direct threat to Berlin – are at the bottom of the present crisis. By removing these fears, we would be making it possible for the Russians to dispense with Ulbricht and his methods.

In exchange for a guarantee of West Berlin's integrity, the West Germans might be prepared to agree to a non-nuclear zone, and to a ceiling on the conventional armaments both of the *Bundeswehr* and the People's Army. It should be made clear to the West Germans that a recognition of the Elbe frontier, far from eliminating any possibility of reunification, is the only road along which it is now likely to be achieved. Co-operation between the two German states already exists on a technical level, and could be extended. For both Germanies, such co-operation would be a test of their sincerity in regard to reunification. I am not arguing that recognition will necessarily bring about these benefits: in itself, recognition would be nothing but a most disagreeable necessity. But it is hard to see how recognition – unless it gives rise to a further mass flight of refugees – could make things worse for the East Germans than they are at present. The prospects are not bright. But is it too much to hope that the GDR, when she comes to make her international debut, will stop throwing tantrums and try to impress us all with her ladylike demeanour?

Berlin

London Diary

CRITIC

Of the many causes I prefer not to die for I should give priority to the reunification of Germany. I believe I am speaking for the overwhelming majority of British people when I say that the one clearly good result of two world wars is the permanent division of the Reich. If you talk to Germans themselves, you find that few really desire unification; it is mainly Adenauer's party propaganda. Anyway, it can't be brought about without a third world war because the Russians can no more agree to East Germany becoming part of Nato than the West can allow West Germany to become part of the Communist bloc. Yet there seems a fair chance that we shall all be vaporised because the public, especially in America, is not told East Germany must be a party to Berlin negotiations. Last Monday night's *Panorama* was horrifying. Dimbleby, in Berlin, talked as if we might fight to save freedom in Berlin, though one of the certain results of fighting would be its destruction. The Americans interviewed were completely unaware of the realities. They seemed to think that the Cubans had started a war against them instead of the reverse, and that Krushchev would be declaring war on them if he made a treaty with East Germany. No one pointed out that he had as much right to do so as the Americans had when they made a unilateral treaty with Japan in spite of Russian protests. One of them asked whether Berlin was sufficient reason for sending 'their young men' to fight, as if the war would be a repetition of 1914 or 1939.

* * *

Lord Home's appearance on *Panorama* was what might be expected from the man who was once Mr Chamberlain's parliamentary private secretary. Perhaps he was haunted by the memory of Munich; and he certainly had a large diplomatic ox on his tongue. He could have done immense good if he had said bluntly that the public was misled about the crisis. Without in any way being offensive to

Advertiser's Announcement

Full Text of Chalk Pit Letter

OBJECTOR REPLIES TO THE MINISTER

17*th July*, 1961

Right Hon. Henry Brooke, P.C., M.P.,
House of Commons,
Westminster,
London, S.W.1.

Dear Mr. Brooke,

It was with regret that I read the letter signed by yourself of July 12th, in which it is stated once again "I shall not be persuaded to revoke the planning permission which I gave in 1959". The Ministry has adopted this intractable attitude before, the first time in 1959, and you would surely agree that it is the negation of the spirit of "openness, fairness and impartiality", which is the declared policy of the Government. This latest letter was posted at the very moment when peer after peer was expressing grave concern about the case in the House of Lords—in spite of it having been dealt with there twice already. Lord Chorley regarded it as "the acid test of the sincerity of the Government", and the mildest view was expressed by Lord Birkett who pointed out "how strange an anomaly it was".

The ordinary citizen is no match for the deft drafting of Ministry letters but it really is beyond a joke to say that the points brought up in our memorandum "have been dealt with in detail, either in the Lord Chancellor's statements or my own". How could statements "deal" with a memorandum which had not yet been written? The Ministry well understands that the memorandum deals with the statements; it has been circulated to all M.P.s and remains unanswered.

I attach an appendix to the memorandum on the basic point of new factual evidence. There seems no room left for doubt that your Ministry obtained new factual evidence on production need from the Ministry of Agriculture, unless conceivably you confirm that "production need" means "commercial opportunity for the benefit of a private contractor" as the Lord Chancellor had to affirm unequivocably when we met—in which case the Ministry of Housing is surely right out of court in concerning itself with such a factor in a matter of planning.

The part of this letter which now creates an entirely new situation is the startling admission on policy that "it is in the national interest to allow the minerals to be worked, unless the objections on agricultural or amenity grounds are in the particular instance so strong as to justify refusal." Since the objections on all grounds in this case, made by the County Council, the County Planning Officer, the Rural District Council, the Parish Council, qualified authorities and the four objectors were *overwhelming*, the second part of the sentence quoted has hardly any significance. If this is the Ministry's policy and it can outweigh such a mass of objections, why have a public inquiry at all after which an inspector advises: "The production of chalk from this site is likely to result in dust being blown on to adjoining land with serious detriment to agricultural interests and also to the occupants of property in the vicinity of the site" ?

Why has this policy never been made public, so that all the local authorities, experts and people involved in the inquiry did not waste two days arguing without knowledge of it? And why was it not part of the Lord Chancellor's brief in the House of Lords, where it was made clear that there was no question of national or departmental policy involved? He referred only to the merits of the case and made no mention in Parliament of it being "in the national interest" for the chalk to be worked, and he certainly appeared to have no knowledge of it during our meeting.

More remarkable still is the fact that even a former Minister of Housing knows nothing about this policy — Lord Silkin stated in the Lords on May 8th "In a case of this kind, where *no serious questions of policy arise*, he should accept the advice of his Inspector unless has has overwhelming reasons for rejecting it".

Furthermore the Ministry cannot just ignore the fact that it was proved beyond doubt and to the satisfaction of your Inspector that it was not in either the local or the national interest to allow the working; but if there was such a Ministry policy surely the Inspector *would have known of it and would have taken it into account in making his recommendation*?

This tardy disclosure presents a new, and much more unsatisfactory stage in the affair.

The letter states once again that you must "scrupulously adhere to the rules", and that this was done. With great respect the rules serve little purpose unless they are adhered to in the spirit of the Government's policy. May I recall very briefly the sequence of events.

1. In the face of the most straightforward case, and the most workmanlike inspector's report, the decision was delayed for ten months and then popped out in what seemed a calculated manner in the middle of the General Election. Can this be explained?

2. In this letter of July 12th you discuss your powers of revocation in Section 100 of the Town and Country Planning Act and say that you only use them occasionally. On two occasions after the decision in 1959 you told me that you had no such powers. On September 30th, 1959, you wrote "I am bound to say that there is no way by which I could reopen the case, now that my decision has been given", and on October 6th, 1959. "I am bound to say that the position under the law is that, having given my decision, I have no jurisdiction or power to reopen the matter". I am embarrassed to know how to comment on this, but will await the explanation.

3. In spite of the routine exchange of documents, sworn evidence and so on during the months preceding our High Court action, your Ministry let the proceedings drag on for two days and waited until defeat was staring them in the face before stabbing four bona fide citizens in the back with a new technical issue. It was only when it became clear from the Judge's observations that the game was up that the Ministry shamelessly used this escape hatch. Surely the Ministry itself could not claim that this was openness and fairness?

The Lord Chancellor has now been left to make a valiant defence of the Ministry's conduct on two occasions in the House of Lords, without the substance of a case to convince anybody. He had the considerable courtesy to see me for two and a half hours, and it was certainly to my embarrassment as well that he was unable to give a satisfactory answer to any single point.

The Lord Chancellor stated in the House of Lords that "it is of the utmost importance that public confidence in the way in which these planning procedures are carried out should not be undermined and that people should feel that the procedure which is followed should be fair to all." To our knowledge only two people of standing in the whole country have suggested that the decision or the procedure was fair, the Lord Chancellor and yourself—and the Lord Chancellor was at pains to impress on me at our meeting that he was only concerned with procedure, and could not comment on the decision. The case has now been dealt with in the House of Lords on three occasions, with damaging consequences. It has not yet been properly dealt with in the Commons; a brief adjournment debate in the small hours did nothing to prevent public confidence being undermined.

May I add how sorry I am to have to address this letter to you personally? Frankly we have been driven to it by the official replies. We have been severely handicapped by our desire not to involve and embarrass our M.P., since he is also a Minister, but he was reported to "agree with the leaders in The Times and the view expressed in The Times," which Lord Lucas of Chilworth obviously had in mind when he said last week "Press criticism, by responsible journals of public opinion, has been devastating over the procedure adopted in the chalk pit case."

In the face of all this I find it hard to believe that you will not wish to win universal respect by reviewing at once this departmental error of judgment, which, if the Ministry forces a continuance of the case, will not only severely damage our homes but certainly official prestige in equal or greater degree.

AUBREY BUXTON

P.S. We have never suggested that the Ministry should automatically endorse the Inspector's verdict. This would be quite absurd.

Kennedy, who must be wishing he could say the same thing himself, Lord Home could have told the British public that the one certain result of the war, if it came, was the extinction of Britain as an inhabitable place, and he could have avoided the less than half truth that it is Krushchev who is, as he put it, 'the challenger'. He did admit, with an apologetic laugh, that Krushchev had sometimes said that he did not wish to turn the Allies out of Berlin or stop their access to the city.

He might have pointed out, as Richard Scott did in the *Guardian* on 26 July, that the present build up of western arms is not relevant to the situation. Nato was 'designed as a shield to hold back a Soviet attack in Europe . . . Nothing Mr Krushchev has said suggests that a military attack on the Western powers or the Nato area is part of his Berlin policy . . . he has left to the West the initiative for turning the Berlin crisis into a shooting affair.' That would mean turning Nato 'from a shield into a bludgeon' and for an attack we should need to be at least three times as powerful in Europe as the Russians. Scott ends, rightly, by suggesting the reason for hiding the truth is that 'negotiation' as applied to the German problem is regarded as a dirty word by Dr Adenauer.

* * *

I have in front of me a letter from a distinguished scholar in one of America's most famous universities. He writes: 'I am glad of this opportunity to tell you how terribly important it is at this very moment to mobilize British opinion – Conservative above all, but also Liberal and Labour – to bring pressure on the British government to try to restrain our own government here from its impetuosity in the Berlin situation . . . It seems to me, as it does to many Americans, that the British government acts like a sleepwalker at this point, afraid of being called by the Americans 'soft on Communism' and yet being dragged at the tail of Adenauer's new gamble over Berlin . . .'

* * *

I can imagine few less enviable positions than Mr St Clair's. Surely no one can wish to pretend to be the representative of a city that has decisively rejected him. The Wedgwood Benn triumph is as complete as a victory which is not legally ratified can be. The judges who found against him were full of compliments. Almost all the press, daily and Sunday, supported him. *The Times* suggested that the government would be wise to alter the law before it was further embarrassed. I should expect an immediate and large response to the appeal for public funds to cover his costs. Whatever the next steps Mr Benn decides to take, the Labour Party and the Liberals and some Tories all approve of his raising in dramatic and compelling form an issue far greater than who should be the MP for Bristol. The issue is quite simply the anomaly of the hereditary principle in the government of a modern democracy.

* * *

Short of burning down the schools, the teachers are justified in doing anything they can to make the public angry about the government's contempt for education. For that's what is really involved in refusing them as much pay as an ordinary artisan. With an average of over 30, and often 50, in a class, the shortage of teachers is a national menace and everything should be done to induce able young men and women to join the profession. But what can they do? The only benefit from a one-day strike in the schools is that it may stir some of the parents into action. The immediate effect would only be to give the children an extra day's holiday, deprive the teachers of a day's pay and save the local authority some money.

It would seem to me that a long teachers' strike is impossible – even if they knew how to organise one. A teacher who helped to run the first school strike tells me that he had to go to the builders at work at his school to ask how to organise it. They have no strike funds and they do not earn enough to have saved individually. 'Going slow' or 'working to rule' is a thoroughly bad idea; it would merely penalise the children by depriving them of organised games and other out-of-school activities. The teachers who support that kind of strike may well be the less conscientious ones, who anyway go home the moment school hours are finished. The one novel idea that occurs to me as likely to be effective is an examination strike. I made inquiries about the effect of teachers refusing to set examination papers, to invigilate or correct them. In the case of the 11-plus exam, I was told that a refusal of one third of the teachers to co-operate would be completely effective. Probably the result would be good anyway, whether the teachers got their rise or not. It is a thoroughly bad exam which prevents all imaginative teaching.

* * *

ITV produced an effective comment on our educational system last week. The Secondary Modern school where the questions were asked is only two or three years old and unusually up to date. The children – near leaving age – could not say where the first atom bomb was dropped or where the United Nations met, who its Secretary General was or the name of their own MP. But one of them, after three had been questioned, knew that Benjamin Britten was a 'composer-conductor' and one of the children knew that Henry Moore was an English sculptor. The general impression of the whole class was of complete ignorance of all public affairs. Obviously these adolescents never looked at a paper, never heard any conversation about public affairs at home, and only viewed the Westerns or such like on TV. Further questioned, they wanted to leave school as soon as possible to earn money, and the parents who were asked had exactly the same idea. The notion of education having something to do with enjoying life or creating intelligent citizens had really hardly entered their heads.

* * *

In East Sussex, I am told, there are now more than 70 amateur clubs regularly attending painting classes. I know of no reason to believe that this is an exceptionally artistic county, so I suppose that all over this island there are hundreds of people resisting the prestige of London and discovering for themselves that art is something to practise and enjoy. Last week-end in Lewes, I saw a remarkable exhibition of painting and sculpture by Norman Nommens, and was left wondering why every local centre has not a similar gallery of its own. In Battle, the next day, I was present at the opening of an Arts fortnight; the show of painting, sculpture and pottery, particularly by local artists, only a few of whom are nationally known, was quite surprisingly interesting and original. It pleased me that this sort of thing can go on without a reference to the much-publicised Festival of Sussex, which should have been a jolly carnival but has become a snob affair at three guineas a time. These shows reminded me of a conversation I had one white night with a Russian friend in Helsinki. I told him about Sunday painters and the explosion of painting among trade unionists and soldier groups during the war. 'Sunday painting?' he queried: 'that is an idea' and he prophesied that before long the Russians would have lots of leisure and a standard of living that would release them from drudgery. Was amateur painting part of the answer? I can certainly see no reason why Russians should not be as good at painting as they have always been at dancing, music, and writing. But in Moscow, when renewing my acquaintance with Soviet art, I realised that the revolution against Communist bureaucracy has got to go a long way before Omsk and Tomsk will be allowed to express themselves as freely as Lewes and Battle.

* * *

The gooey, foolish music hung like a sickly mist in the Sunday afternoon sunshine. At my gate the car stood with the radio turned on. Hanging over the wheel was a motionless driver. No one had yet cut his throat; he was merely sleeping. So were three women in the field a few yards away. One of them woke up as I approached. 'I wonder whether you would mind very much if the music was turned off,' I said. 'You won't miss it very much if you are asleep.' She looked surprised, but turned it off. In the morning I found the usual litter of toffee and chocolate papers, and an empty cigarette packet. My farmer neighbour remarked: 'If it were only paper! But they throw bottles and tin cans everywhere and lame the cows. Yesterday a car pulled up on this roadway and the children from it were actually sent out – would you believe it? – to play hide-and-seek in the corn.' I could not cap that, but, as a comment on our society, I asked what would he say to lovers who went for a walk carrying a transistor tuned in to Radio Luxembourg?

This England

Prizes £1 for the first entry and 10/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

The Union Corporation has just taken one major worry off the shoulders of its chairman, Sir Charles Hambro, who was always forgetting the number of his personal Rolls. To save him any problem the company has just acquired him UC100 as a registration plate. — *Financial Times.* (Mrs. E. Hanson.)

A sausage, bacon and eggs supper was cooked in a dustbin by Bovingdon Civil Defence personnel as a demonstration to wind up their season's training. – *Evening Standard.* (P. M. Rowlatt.)

A tightly-rolled *News of the World* makes an ideal weapon in the event of a surprise attack by a man. – *News of the World.* (Joseph Cole.)

The possibility of 'the hand of one of our Royal Family being put into the hand of such a man as Jomo Kenyetta is unthinkable,' the Earl of Albemarle said in the House of Lords last night. – *Daily Mail.* (H. R. McConnell.)

The Great Universal Stores board has responded completely to Mr Lloyd's request for dividend restraint by declaring a reduced final dividend of 25 per cent in order to leave the total for the year unchanged at 37½ per cent. – *Guardian.* (E. Race.)

Drums (non-returnable) along the Athabaska

Under the midnight sun of Canada's far North-West, a line of barges creeps into Yellowknife—a gold-mining settlement on the desolate shore of a great lake. Their load—cyanide in drums—is prosaic, perhaps; but it has completed an adventurous journey that started 10,000 miles away at an I.C.I. factory in England: by sea across the Atlantic and through the Panama Canal to Canada's Pacific coast; down-river by barge, overland again for many a rugged mile, down-river once more to the waters of the lake itself.

Such odysseys are not uncommon for I.C.I. chemicals, and least of all for I.C.I. cyanide. Known for 50 years as the key for unlocking gold and silver from their ores, it is used almost everywhere these precious metals are mined—in the Australian deserts, in the rolling hills of Southern India, in the mountains of Colombia and the uplands of Fiji. And, like so many I.C.I. chemicals, it is no stranger to the engineering industries of Europe. Cyanide case-hardening salts from I.C.I., as well as degreasing solvents and metal pre-treatments, play a part in the production of everything from hypodermic needles to agricultural machinery.

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Imperial Chemical Industries Ltd., London, S.W.1

The Wodehouse Affair

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

P. G. Wodehouse's forthcoming 80th birthday necessarily recalls the strange episode of his wartime disgrace. From having been greatly adulated, particularly among the socially respectable and eminent, he became overnight the object of a gibbering, hysterical campaign of obliquy and calumny. The Beefsteak Club, once so proud of his membership, expelled him. Even Dulwich College, his old school, expunged him from some roll or other. Characteristically, Wodehouse minded this most.

As it happened, I found myself involved in this Wodehouse affair. In 1944 I was a liaison officer with the French *Services Speciaux*, and in this capacity went to Paris at the time of the Liberation. Things were pretty confused, and a certain amount of street fighting was still going on. In the circumstances, there seemed little liaising to be done, and I therefore abandoned myself to the prevailing celebrations.

On surfacing, I learnt that P.G. Wodehouse was in Paris and that instructions had been received to keep an eye on him. It was suggested that I should undertake this duty. I agreed with alacrity.

I went to see Wodehouse that very evening at the Bristol Hotel, where he and his wife were staying. Of the details of his alleged misdemeanours I knew then very little, beyond a vague memory of some broadcasts from Berlin. It had all happened while I was engaged in military duties at GHQ Home Forces, which, though not exacting, were sufficiently unfamiliar to require my undivided attention.

At the Bristol Hotel reception-desk a sleek individual in a black cut-away coat and striped trousers gave me the number of Wodehouse's suite without displaying the slightest embarrassment or curiosity about my visit. The receptionist must have telephoned up to Wodehouse's suite while I made my way there because he seemed to be expecting me. 'Oh, hullo!' he said when I opened the door and stepped inside. He was standing by the window, a bald, amiable-looking, large man. The encounter seemed so natural that it only occurred to me afterwards that Wodehouse, confronted with a British officer in uniform, may have thought that I had come to arrest him or something.

I had made no sort of preparation for my visit, and had no plan as to how I should approach Wodehouse. To me, he was just a distinguished and highly original writer, and, as such, entitled to be kept clear of the atrocious buffooneries of power maniacs and their wars. Otherwise, I had no feeling about the matter at all.

There was still a lot of stamping and shouting in the street outside, and even an occasional pistol shot. Wodehouse turned away from the window and we both sat down. Then, after a short period of silence, I made a hesitant approach to the business in hand I had no idea, I said, to what extent he had been able to follow what was going on in England, but there had, in fact, been quite a row about his broadcasts – a row which I personally considered to be ludicrous. All the same, in order to clear matters up, questions would have to be asked, and the legal position would have to be gone into. I slipped in the reference to the legal position (about which, of course, I knew nothing) in order to stress the gravity of Wodehouse's situation. In the circumstances then prevailing it was decidedly serious.

In the course of the ensuing and many subsequent conversations Wodehouse told me exactly what happened to him from the arrival of the Germans at Le Touquet, where he had a house in which he continued to reside during the period of the Phoney War. There is also what he calls his 'Camp' book, so far unpublished, which I have read and which contains a full and characteristically amusing account of his wartime experiences. Then there are the broadcasts themselves, which have been published in *Encounter*. They describe truthfully and most divertingly Wodehouse's journey from Le Touquet to Tost, in Poland, where he was interned in what, he was happy to discover, had formerly been a lunatic asylum. Finally, there is a large MI5 file, I assume still extant, which presents the whole 'case', with all the relevant documentation and evidence. This, too, I have been through, several times.

When the Petain government surrendered, Wodehouse, like all other enemy aliens in France, was taken into custody by the Germans. The normal procedure is to release civilian internees when they are 60. Wodehouse was released some months before his 60th birthday as a result of well-meant representations by American friends resident in Berlin, America not being then at war with Germany. He made for Berlin where his wife Ethel (who had not been interned) was awaiting him. The Berlin representative of the Columbia Broadcasting System, an American named Flaherty, asked him if he would like to broadcast to his American readers, and, foolishly, he agreed, not realising that the broadcasts would have to go over the German radio network, and were bound to be exploited in the interest of Nazi propaganda.

Such a use of enemy communications in time of war was technically a treasonable offence, though a minor one, of which prisoners of war sending radio messages to their families were likewise guilty. It has been alleged that there was a bargain whereby Wodehouse agreed to broadcast in return for being released from Tost. This has frequently been denied and is, in fact, quite untrue, but nonetheless it is still widely believed. Lies, particularly today, seem to have much greater staying power than truth.

In the broadcasts there is not one phrase or word which can possibly be regarded as treasonable. Ironically enough, they were subsequently used at an American political warfare school as an example of how anti-German propaganda could subtly be put across by a skilful writer in the form of seemingly innocuous, light-hearted descriptive material. The broadcasts, in fact, were neither pro- nor anti-German. Wodehouse is ill-fitted to live in an age of ideological conflict. He just does not react to human beings in that sort of way, and never seems to hate anyone – not even old friends who turned on him. The furthest he will go is to admit, like Charles Lamb, to imperfect sympathies, and to express the hope that this or that public personage might be induced to return to his padded cell.

As we went on talking, the evening shadows began to fill the room. There was no electricity, and so no possibility of turning on a light. I have always loved sitting in a darkening room and talking. It takes the sharp edge off the exigencies of time. Wodehouse sent down for a bottle of wine, which we consumed as we talked. Royalties on Spanish and other translations of his books provided him with adequate funds during the war years. Wodehouse wanted to know what books had been published and how they were selling; what plays had been put on, and how long they had run; who was still alive, and who dead. This last theme pulled me up sharply. I remembered having read in the newspapers that his step-daughter, Leonora, had died, and felt I ought to tell him. 'I'm afraid,' I said 'that Leonora is dead.'

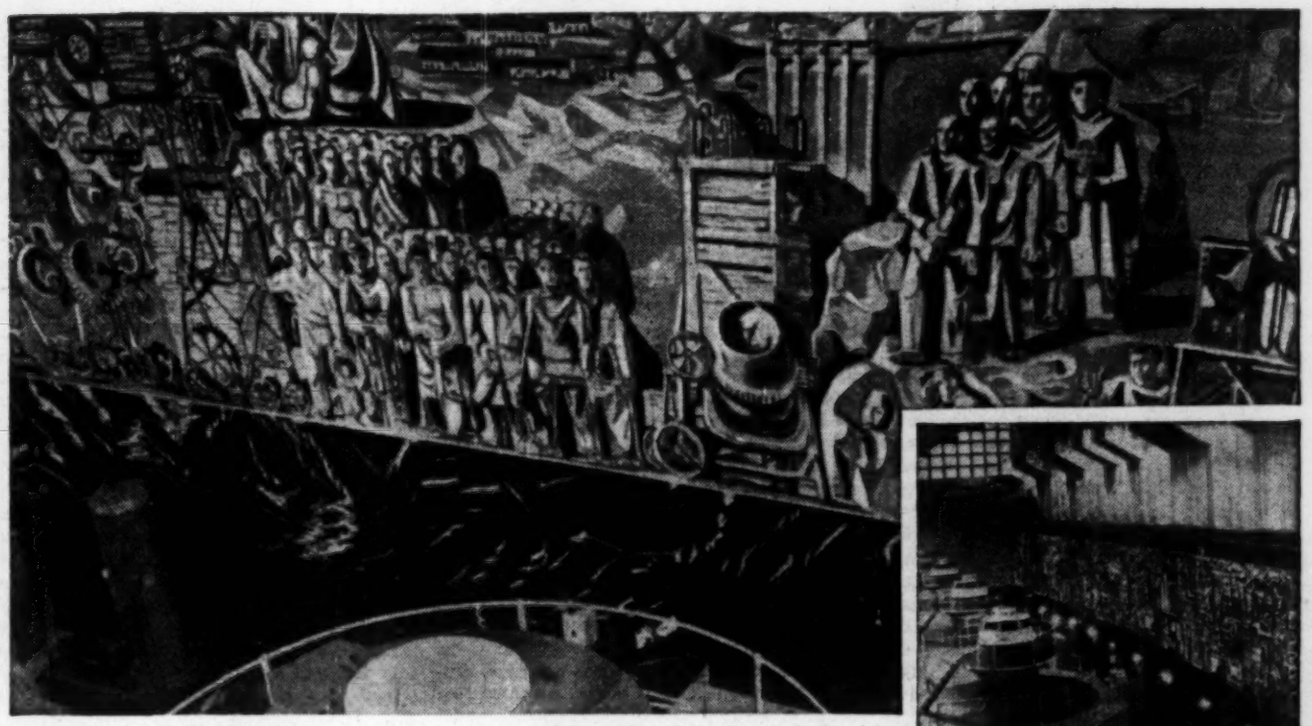
I never knew her, but she seems to have been one of those women everyone adores. Certainly, Wodehouse adored her. After a longish pause he said: 'I thought she was immortal.'

Fortunately, the Wodehouse 'case' was in due course taken out of my hands (in so far as it had ever been in them) by a friendly and capable barrister named Cussen, who was sent over from England for the purpose. He went into everything in the way barristers do, treading purposively along the paths I had so cursorily explored, and arriving, I was relieved to learn, at the same conclusion – namely, that there was nothing Wodehouse had done or said which could be regarded, in any real sense, as treasonable or dishonourable. Blowing down his nose in a legal way, like a judge (which I hope he now is, or will soon be), he delivered himself of the opinion that Wodehouse 'should be kept out of the Jurisdiction.' It reminded me of Mr Jaggers's advice about Pip's benefactor in *Great Expectations*.

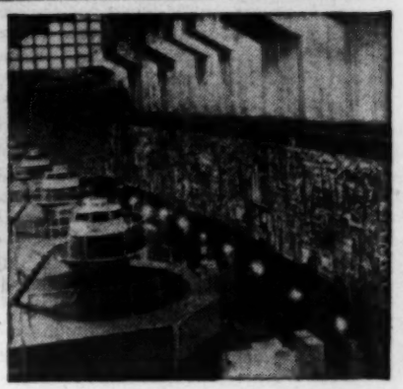
There was one other episode which should be recounted, though it happened before Cussen's arrival. One morning I received a message from Jacqueline de Broglie to the effect that the Wodehouses had been arrested the evening before by the French police. It seemed that, at a dinner party given by the then Prefect, an English guest had remarked on how scandalous it was that two such notorious traitors should be at large in Paris. The Prefect then gave orders that the Wodehouses should be apprehended, and four men with submachine guns, and wearing black leather jackets, duly appeared in their bedroom and took them off.

I located them at a police station on the Quai d'Orleans. No one seemed to know why M. and Mme Wodenhorse (as they appeared on the warrant) were there, and I had no difficulty in arranging for Ethel's immediate release. As far as I could gather, in her highly individual French she had reduced the local police to a condition of prostration and panic. Also, she had her peke, Wonder, with her, and they were anxious to get him off the premises. More difficult was to get permission for Wodehouse to have his razor returned to him. This involved filling in an enormous form, whose items I only imperfectly understood. I went out and got some food, and we all lunched together. What with everyone accusing everyone else of collaboration, the administration of justice was in a state of even greater confusion than usual.

It appeared that the only way to ameliorate Wodehouse's lot was for him to be ill. This presented difficulties. His equanimity had not been disturbed by his arrest, and he looked pink and well. However, an amiable prison doctor felt his pulse, shook his head, and decided that he should be transferred to a clinic. The only one available was a mater-



Striking murals *make a showpiece of the power-house inside the Salime Dam in the Cantabrian mountains. The power-station was equipped by English Electric under a comprehensive contract.*



The turbine hall of Salime power-station contains four English Electric 50,000-h.p. turbine generating sets. Transformers, switchgear and control gear were also supplied by English Electric.

NEW FOUNDATIONS IN SPAIN

How she will meet a trebled demand for power

SPAIN has won great credit for her achievements in industrial expansion during the last fifteen years: in particular, steel, cement and engineering have pushed ahead rapidly—three basic industries which make a solid foundation for a strong economy.

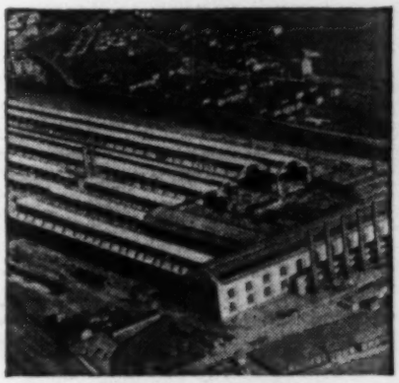
It is in the development and use of her electric power resources that Spain can point to her most telling successes. The plentiful supply of power is fundamental to all industrial growth, and Spain plans to treble her 1950 consumption of electricity by 1963.

English Electric in Spain

Britain has had a considerable share in this development, notably as Spain's principal supplier of hydro-electric plant, and The English Electric Company is playing a leading part in many enterprises. Dams at Salime and Silvon in Asturias to feed hydro-electric power to the industries of the north, power-stations to supply Madrid—for these and other projects English Electric has supplied generating plant, switchgear and motors, while work is now in progress for new stations on the Tagus at Torrejon and Valdecañas, which will together feed 400,000 kilowatts into the Spanish power network.

Another project, now completed, is the great new steelworks at Avilés. For this, English Electric supplied a large variety of electrical equipment under a comprehensive contract. And in the modernization of the railways, English Electric has built 75 powerful new electric locomotives to haul freight in the mountainous areas of the north.

The relationship is mutually fruitful. Spain knows she can depend on the store of technical knowledge, skill and research which lie behind every contract with English Electric, while English Electric gains in Spain further valuable experience, which it can use in other countries and at home.



The steel mills of Ensidesa at Avilés. English Electric supplied under comprehensive contract electrical equipment for the three rolling mills, including the first blooming mill twin-drive in Spain.

One of the 75 English Electric 3,000-h.p. Co-Co electric locomotives supplied to the Spanish National Railways (RENFE).

POWER FOR PEACE

'ENGLISH ELECTRIC'

THE ENGLISH ELECTRIC COMPANY LIMITED, ENGLISH ELECTRIC HOUSE, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2

nity home, and there Wodehouse stayed for some weeks, with ladies having babies all round him. Each day the doctor took his temperature, which was normal. Two guards were posted at his door. He used to play cards with them in the evenings. His mornings were spent, as always, in writing. Between being taken into custody at Le Touquet and his spell in the maternity home he wrote six novels, as well as the 'Camp' book. Incidentally, during the period of his disgrace more copies of his books were sold in England than ever before, which provides yet another illustration of how public obloquy is as much a myth as public adulation.

After his release from the maternity home, I took Wodehouse and Ethel out to a hotel near Fontainebleau. With the ending of the war, things eased up for them, and they were able to go to America, where they are now living. Ethel has been back to England several times, but Wodehouse never, though he is always theoretically planning to come. I doubt if he ever will. His attitude is like that of a man who has parted, in painful circumstances, from someone he loves, and whom he both longs and dreads to see again.

Wodehouse's true offence was to have disinterested himself in the war. When I discussed his 'case' with Duff Cooper, then British Ambassador in Paris, this was the line he took. Wodehouse, he said, had always evaded reality and his responsibilities as a citizen. Yet, after all, as I tried to indicate, there are different sorts of reality. Can we be so sure, for instance, that Hitler's ranting and Churchill's rhetoric and Roosevelt's Four Freedoms will seem more real to posterity than Jeeves and Bertie Wooster?

As Evelyn Waugh pointed out in his recent elegant broadcast tribute to Wodehouse:

> For Mr Wodehouse there has been no fall of Man, no 'aboriginal calamity'. His characters have never tasted the forbidden fruit. They are still in Eden. The gardens of Blandings Castle are that original garden from which we are all exiled. The chef Anatole prepares the ambrosia for the immortals of high Olympus. Mr Wodehouse's world can never stale. He will continue to release future generations from captivity that may be more irksome than our own. He has made a world for us to live in and delight in.

It could not be better put. Is the creation of such a world an evasion of reality? Does it represent (to use the current jargon) a lack of commitment? I do not think so, any more than, when the founder of the Christian religion said that his kingdom was not of this world, that represented a lack of commitment. There are commitments and commitments. It is perfectly true that Wodehouse provided upper- and middle-class readers with a means of retreating from reality – which was why they made such a fetish of his works, and were so infuriated by his Berlin broadcasts. This, however, is a reflection on them, not on Wodehouse.

Duff Cooper, as Minister of Information, led the pack against Wodehouse. In Paris, to his credit, he showed no inclination to follow up the attack with a kill. I was able to produce to him one instance of an authentic contribution by Wodehouse to the war effort. The Germans, in their literal way, took his works as a guide to English manners, and actually dropped an agent in the Fen country wearing spats. This unaccustomed article of attire led to his speedy apprehension. Had he not been caught, he would, presumably, have gone on to London in search of the Drones Club, and have thought to escape notice in restaurants by throwing bread about in the manner of Bertie Wooster.

When I am in New York nowadays, I always go out to Long Island to see Wodehouse and Ethel. He lives in his accustomed way – the typewriter in the morning, a stroll to the post office with the dog in the afternoon, and a couple of benign cocktails in the evening. The last time I saw him he complained that a television serial he always watches had failed to appear that day. Instead an oafish figure named Krushchev had occupied the screen. On another occasion, a young earnest American was present, who brought up the subject of nuclear warfare, which, he said, might well destroy the whole of the human race. 'I can't wait,' Wodehouse murmured.

As with all imaginative people, there is an area of inner reserve in Wodehouse which one never penetrates. The scars of his time in the stocks are hidden there. In a negative way, one is aware of them, as in his delight at being made a member of the *Punch* Table and at his reinstatement on that Dulwich roll. In one of his rare references to the experience he said to me that it had made him feel like a music-hall comedian, accustomed to applause, who suddenly gets the bird. This, I think, is what it signified to him, and, perhaps, indeed, what in fact it does signify.

Debs Delight

WILFRED DE'ATH

It was sensible of the Queen to disassociate herself from the London debutante world by ending Court presentation ceremonies in 1958. Ill-informed predictions that this would put an end to debbery were soon proved wrong. The number of girls actually 'doing' the London season in 1961 has been twice as many as it was three years ago and there seems to be no evidence to suggest that this number will diminish in the future. The season, in fact, is rapidly returning to its own dark and dubious origins. If it is no longer a 17th-century court into which the youthful courtesans are imported, then it is a world where gossip-columnists, publicity agents, silver-haired Knightsbridge widows with 'contacts', and abortionists ply their awful trades to the accompaniment of the latest Tommy Kinsman LP.

The establishment of an unholy alliance between someone with money and no aristocratic connections and someone with aristocratic connections and no money has become the commonest method of launching a girl into so-called Society. Thus a homely northern business couple, with no social contacts but plenty of 'brass' and a couple of pretty daughters, will look around in the hope of meeting a dilapidated, bankrupt peer, who has connections galore and possibly a daughter or two as well. They generally manage to find him.

Then a bargain is struck, by which Mr Midas, whose hair has turned grey in a lifetime of running cheap restaurants or manufacturing bathroom equipment, puts up the cash for a lavish coming-out dance, in the course of which the peer's daughters, if any, will also emerge. Baron Hardup, in his turn, undertakes that Ann and Judith Midas will, under Lady H's wing, come into contact with all the 'right' people for the duration of the season. Everyone is content with this arrangement with the possible exception of Lord H's daughters, Victoria and Penelope, who find their northern cousins' accents a trifle embarrassing to listen to.

The main protagonists in the struggle to see the girls 'right' are, of course, the mothers; and there are no lengths to which most of them will not go to see that their charges are properly and successfully launched. The hiring of publicity agents to promote their daughters is a common practice and the less personality a girl in fact has, the greater will often be the number of scandal-column inserts assuring the credulous public that the opposite is the case. Though there is a tacit disapproval of extreme publicity stunts (a deb who has allowed herself to be photographed wearing a bikini may find that her dance is boycotted by the others), the average mother is liable to turn a polite shade of green when she discovers that someone else's child is getting more paragraphs than her own darling.

The mothers conscientiously attend 'Mums' lunches, icy affairs where the number present may range from eight to 80 and where hard business is talked over slimming menus of chilled orange juice and lettuce. Fork in one hand, address-book in the other, they set to, ruthlessly striking off their invitation lists the names of mothers who are not themselves giving dances, and carefully noting the existence of anybody's eligible son, with or without criminal record, since there is always a drastic shortage of escorts.

Two lists circulate during the season. One is an open one, chiefly for the benefit of the mothers, in which are recorded the names of eligible escorts together with certain additional information (NST: Not Safe in Taxis) including details of their fortunes, if any. Another list is more interesting. In it all the

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Application for membership to:—
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HIROSHIMA DAY DEMONSTRATIONS

CLACTON-ON-SEA
Saturday, August 6

Leafletting and placarding to show the effects of a 10 megaton bomb on Clacton Pier
Report to Friends Meeting House, Granville Road, Clacton (near Railway Station) open 7 a.m. on

WESTON-SUPER-MARE
Monday, August 7

March and Open Air Meeting. Assemble Putting Greens, Beach Lawns, 2.30 p.m.
Speakers:
Canon L. John Collins Diana Collins

CND, 2 Carthusian Street, EC1

debutantes are named alongside precise facts about their fathers' occupations and incomes. A further section is devoted to the deb's physical qualities and sexual potential. This secret – and rather expensive – information is sold 'in the trade'.

Few of the girls seem to enjoy their season. If not positively unhappy, they are bored beyond tears. A line of wall-flowers is not an unusual sight at a large dance and an intruder into the Ladies might discover up to a dozen girls sitting around reading copies of *Jane Eyre* or *Silas Marner* or other books smuggled in for this specific purpose. Frightened to go home early (a Mama catching her daughter sneaking in at 2.0 a.m. would at once regard her as a social failure) they await patiently the coming of dawn and, with it, a bacon-and-egg breakfast – very welcome after a champagne-soaked night. Actually, most of the girls hardly drink at all: they leave this to the men.

The kind of men that one meets at these functions are, with a few exceptions, insufferable. They are immature, arrogant, insensitive, callous, and unbelievably stupid. Guards officers, trainees at Lloyds, aspiring stockbrokers, and a few advertising types (very risqué, this) account for about half the roster of escorts.

The remainder are chinless juveniles, one year out of public-school, living in Chelsea or South Kensington on small allowances from home, and with nothing to do except lead the sweet life in dress shirts, borrowed if necessary. Since they are able to scrounge almost all their dinners from the hostesses, the only money they require is for the laundry and occasional taxis.

The only solid thing that can be said in favour of a true deb's delight is that he is bound to possess unlimited physical stamina: 80 or 90 dusk-to-dawn dances in a few brief months, gallon upon gallon of champagne and mountains of rich food, not to speak of a bout of sex from time to time, would kill a lesser man. Some of them go on doing the season for years, greying, red-faced veterans, recognisable at a glance, the Guards, as it were, of the season's engagements. They are completely fearless, except when faced with the prospect of marriage.

There is plenty of sex in the season, but it is confined to a select, hard-living minority. A small group of professional seducers (less easily recognisable than the drunks) wreak havoc among pretty innocents from the country and among the few hardened London girls who have decided that this is what they want anyway. The custom is to slip away to the man's apartment – if conveniently situated – at about one or two in the morning, while the dance is in full swing, and, having copulated, to return well before breakfast. No one misses them. At the end of the season more than a few girls disappear to a private nursing-home for two or three days – usual charge, £200 door to door; no questions asked.

The actual cost of a season for one girl seems to vary between £500 (one small dance, no extras) and £12,000 (one large dance, all extras). There is a whole army of tradesmen who profit, directly or indirectly, from it: dressmakers, hair-stylists, photographers, caterers, printers, car-hire firms, florists, hoteliers, and many, many more. These are the people who really keep the season alive, and they will clearly do everything in their power to see that, whatever the attitude of Buckingham Palace, the system flourishes.

Correspondence

THE BERLIN CRISIS

SIR, – Two questions are involved in the Berlin problem – access to West Berlin, and the future of Germany. Neither of these problems can be settled by force. If war comes there will be no Berlin and no London, no Washington, no Moscow. All responsible citizens should insist that the West should be ready with constructive proposals for negotiation, and all should make these views known both publicly and to MPs in every possible democratic manner. The following considerations should be basic to any negotiations:

(1) A solution of the long-term problem of Germany must not be jeopardised because of immediate difficulties over Berlin. The short-sighted arrangements made at Yalta and Potsdam have resulted in our present impasse; this mistake must not be repeated.

(2) Under present conditions of international tension the reunification of Germany is neither possible nor desirable. But the creation of a neutral nuclear-free zone in Central Europe would greatly relax the tensions of the cold war. Only in such conditions could the reunification of Germany even be contemplated.

(3) The present position of Berlin is an anomaly. While the West may object to threats and to unilateral action on the part of Russia, it cannot reasonably object to negotiations designed to alter the status of Berlin. Russia has not threatened war unless the West refuses to seek a settlement and starts a war against its ally, East Germany. The Russian threat is to upset the legal status quo in Berlin. At the same time Mr Krushchev has admitted the rights of the western powers to remain in Berlin, and therefore their right of access to the city. Once this is understood there is no reason to talk of a crisis; but it does mean that the existing government of East Germany must be a party to any negotiated settlement. This may involve at least the *de facto* recognition of that government.

(4) There would be much to be gained if negotiations on the future of Berlin could be started *before* Russia has signed a separate peace treaty with East Germany.

(5) The unstable and possibly desperate nature of the present East German government is recognised. So is the militarily indefensible position of West Berlin. Various proposals have been made to attempt to meet these difficulties. For example, Berlin might become a free city. Or, better still, the whole of Berlin might become the permanent seat of the United Nations and the city might be ceded to the UN. The liberty of the Berliners might thus be better safeguarded than by the present precarious set-up.

Meanwhile governments talk of fighting and dying for freedom. Such an attitude is emotionally appealing but senseless; the result would be the final extinction of all freedom.

The West continually finds itself in the position of having to defend a status quo which is politically, militarily and morally indefensible. Why do we so often leave initiative to the Russians? Why is our response to Soviet initiative so largely one of more and more military preparation? President Kennedy talks of a 'wider choice than humiliation or all-out nuclear action'. Ordinary citizens should make it clear to their rulers that this 'wider choice' involves continued western initiative towards the settlement by negotiation of all problems which threaten the peace and future prosperity of mankind. In no circumstances should Berlin be made a cause or excuse for war.

L. JOHN COLLINS
Chairman
Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament

You can rebuild houses, never human beings!

This is the moving message of Hiroshima which **Robert Jungk** tells in *Children of the Ashes*, the *only* book to give an account of what happened *after* the bomb was dropped!

Robert Jungk spent weeks in Hiroshima trying to uncover the facts about the touching revival of a city which had been literally wiped from the face of the earth. In the eye-witness accounts which he gives lies the whole story of Hiroshima: the horror and hell of the first wretched months of existence, the gradual growth of the macabre and terrible radiation sickness in the survivors, the lawlessness and hysteria which beset the inhabitants, and the gradual growth of a new city, bigger than the old, boasting of its atomic past, hiding in its shadows the maimed and crippled people who had lived through the explosion.

THE RT. HON. PHILIP J. NOEL BAKER, M.P., writes: "Few books in recent years have had such a startling success as Dr Robert Jungk's brilliant description of the discovery of atomic energy, which he entitled *Brighter Than A Thousand Suns* . . .

"His new work . . . will surely have a similar success. It is one more study of the death and renaissance of Hiroshima; but it is **the most sensitive and the most penetrating and the most moving of them all.**

". . . all the men and women and children whose experiences he unfolds are real persons; he calls them by their proper names; he tells in simple, but very beautiful, language exactly what happened to them when the bomb was dropped, and in the months and years that followed. A 'report'; but also **a thrillingly dramatic story which it is very difficult to put down once you have begun.**"

CHILDREN OF THE ASHES

7 illustrations and a map, 25s

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SO LITTLE TIME

SIR – Bertrand Russell says that by the end of this year we may all be dead, and who can honestly challenge his guess? He calls on the nation to do something before it is too late. Do what?

Anti-nuclear marches are minority affairs; they don't touch the masses of football fans, TV-watchers; they are not likely to be heard of in America and Russia. The people, whether under democracy or party dictatorship, have no say; they are powerless, vaguely trusting that their wise statesmen will act as our saviours, forgetting Munich, Suez, Hungary, Cuba. Not one statesman seems to have a mind above bomb-rattling and deterrents. As Russell says, we have no idea what the top ones are doing or planning, but none has given any sign of hope. This arms race must end in universal death, and we can only look fearfully at our children and tremble for their future.

Russell is right in saying that time is short. I think he should declare to the nation what it must do to save itself. Personally I cannot see what this nation can do if and when Russia and America do not act also to keep the peace. The fight of humanity is not now one for Communism or Capitalism; it is now simply a fight for life, and a plague on both their houses!

A. S. NEILL

Leiston
Suffolk

CASTRO'S CUBA

SIR, – May I reply to the unfair and unjustified remarks of Mr Robin Blackburn about my previous communication?

(1) Different Cuban institutions and reviews do indeed publish partial statistics, which are intended to enhance the prestige of the revolution. There are, however, no official comprehensive statistics which give an overall picture of economic development. There were two sources for such information: the (private) monthly *Cuba Economica y Financiera* and the (official) bimonthly *Revista del Banco Nacional*. The first publication no longer exists. The last issue of the latter is dated March 1960 and London's Chatham House has been unable to get further issues. The EIU Reports, known for their seriousness, present a picture which is quite at variance with the glowing presentation of revolutionary propaganda, but which fits in with the repeated calls for austerity by responsible Cuban leaders and with the news of growing shortages and new measures of rationing. The changing economic situation has its obvious political importance, since its worsening will reduce Castro's mass-support and doubtless increase the totalitarian features of the system.

(2) Of course I have not quoted in full from the statement of Saul Landau in the *New Left Review*, but I have not in the least falsified it. Although an enthusiastic supporter of Castro, Landau reports the *Gleichschaltung* of the non-Communist Cuban intellectuals. This I took to be further proof, not only of the totalitarian trend but also of the preponderant position of the official Communists, who also dominate the new revolutionary Unity Party, which is in process of formation. May I also call your readers' attention to the prohibition of the Trotskyist publication *Voz Proletaria*, the occupation of its premises, the destruction of its printing plates and of the already printed parts of a book by Trotsky? The Latin American Bureau of the Fourth International protested against this on 14 June 1961 (*Voz Proletaria*, Buenos Aires, No. 235).

(3) Why does Mr. Blackburn automatically assume that I share the opinions of the State Department, Pentagon, CIA etc, and support their Cuban policies? I do not. I deny neither the progressive aspects of the Cuban revolution nor its 'uniqueness'. But I am not willing to close my eyes to its totalitarian traits, to the provisional or ephemeral character of many of its achievements, to the dominant position of the Communists and to the close affiliation of Cuba with the Soviet bloc. Of course each of the 'Socialist' countries has its peculiarities: but Cuba seems to me today more totalitarian than, for example, Poland.

(4) I agree with two basic *Encounter* theses of Theodore Draper, namely that Cuba is today totalitarian and Communist, which is contrary to the intentions and declarations of those who originally made and supported the revolution, and that the US, whatever its misdemeanours, does not bear the main responsibility for this.

(5) I believe that there existed in Cuba possibilities for a non-totalitarian progressive evolution. My belief is based on my having spent 19 years of my life (until 1961) in that country.

BORIS GOLDENBERG

309 Nelson House
Dolphin Square, SW1

THE BRISTOL FUND

SIR, – We feel that Mr Wedgwood Benn's case raises issues of such public importance, and so closely concerns all those who believe in democracy, that it would be wrong for him to have to bear personally the great expenses involved. The costs of the election petition alone are estimated at some £8,000. We have, therefore, established a Fund, to be called the Bristol Fund, which will be used to help meet the legal and other costs. Any balance left in the Fund will be sent to the International Red Cross.

We invite those who share our views of this matter to send a contribution to the Hon. Treasurer, Michael Zander, 16 Alvanley Gardens, Hampstead, London NW6.

ATTLEE	COMPTON MACKENZIE
VIOLET BONHAM-CARTER	CHRISTOPHER MAYHEW
J. BRONOWSKI	GERALD NABARRO
FENNER BROCKWAY	HAROLD NICOLSON
JO GRIMOND	CHARLES PANNELL
AUGUSTUS JOHN	CHARLES P. SNOW
F. ELWYN JONES	MERVYN SOUTHWARK

THE PITMAN CASE

SIR, – Charon has got his oar stuck in the mud again. He reasons that as 'a former *Tribune* staff member and presumably, therefore, a member of what is loosely called the intelligentsia' I ought not to criticise Mr Malcolm Muggeridge or to call Miss Iris Murdoch's symbolism turgid and often meaningless. This throws an interesting light on Charon's own standards of criticism.

Even if I were a former *Tribune* staff member (which I am not) or even if there were such a thing in Britain as an 'intelligentsia' for me to belong to, would that oblige me to give special treatment to fellow-members of the club? Because I admired the late Aneurin Bevan am I compelled to admire Miss Murdoch? Because she is a fellow-reader of the NEW STATESMAN, must I publicly recommend her latest novel while secretly loathing it? And, just because I approve of the Health Service or listen to chamber music, am I meant to cheer when the talented Mr Muggeridge derides this country in an American magazine and gives gloating details of the physical infirmities of its war-time leader?

The trouble with Charon – and, I suspect, with many others who help to render our intellectual life so sterile and insincere today – is that he has stopped thinking for himself. When it comes to opinions, he simply votes the entire ticket. Once he knows what you think about a capital gains tax he expects you to fall into line over child rape or the Durrell novels. It is a curiously TUC type of attitude.

Although he ferries a lot of dead ideas to and fro, he is in some ways more Carron than Charon.

ROBERT PITMAN

7 St Peter's Road
Hammersmith, W6

SIR, – I cannot imagine why Charon should be surprised by Robert Pitman's vicious attack on Iris Murdoch in the *Sunday Express*. Incidentally Charon is not correct in saying that Mr Pitman was 'a *Tribune* staff member'; however, in his long-forgotten liberal past he did write a number of articles for us.

Robert Pitman's outburst against Iris Murdoch is entirely in line with the mantle he now adopts as the bluff, no-nonsense spokesman of the people – that is, those who read the *Express* newspapers. He is in favour of capital punishment and flogging; he campaigned for the banning of *Lolita* and the censorship of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*; and he has some sort of bee in his bonnet about the sinister plots hatched up by the members of the BBC Brains Trusts teams to run the country from behind the scenes. Iris Murdoch, in his view, is part of this dark conspiracy.

He has also started a new fashion in literary criticism; he apparently considers it perfectly fair criticism to attack the personal appearance of the author as well as what he or she has written.

ELIZABETH THOMAS

Tribune
222 The Strand, WC2

THE TEACHERS' CAUSE

SIR, – Although I have quite a few grievances against the British educational system I have, during seven years experience as a parent of school-age children, come to respect the almost invariable conscientiousness, sometimes even dedication, of members of the teaching profession. I am certain I am not alone in this feeling of respect for teachers, or in the fury I feel at the Chancellor's mean blow at them. May I therefore take it upon myself to urge all parents with similar views to provide the moral and, if necessary, the active support the teachers will need in their fight?

Since I am just about to go abroad on a three weeks' holiday (it will be obvious I am not married to a teacher) my own activity must be limited for the moment to writing this letter and to suggesting that organisations already in existence, such as the PTA's, should consider how best to start the ball of parental support rolling.

For too long state education in this country has been run on the cheap, but just how great is the government's contempt for its importance is now clearly revealed. If the teachers do not counter this attack; if we parents, who rely so much upon these teachers, do not fight with them, 1961 will prove to be a sorry year for British education.

Let no one make the mistake of thinking that the teachers will be the only ones who will pay the price of defeat. Our children will pay – in different ways, but just as dearly.

PHYLLIS WILLMOTT

37 Hornsey Lane
London, N6

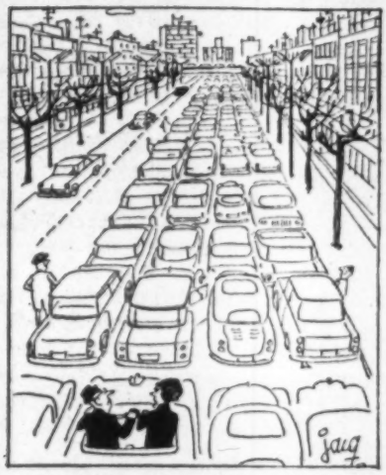
LADIES AND GENTS

SIR, – Charon's private war against prudery took an odd turn last week in his lecture on public lavatories, which curiously provided further evidence why prudery is invariably right in such social battles. This one was about due for revival.

The fact that women have no *locus standi* in this matter may be unfortunate, but if they are admitted free it becomes possible for them to perform other operations for which men are charged the statutory penny. If, sensing this injustice, we argue the total abolition of the charge we then come up against another difficulty. It was the experience of a local authority I served that when they did provide a free WC it was generally regarded as 'unclean' and seldom used. So we find ourselves back on the first rung of the ladder of the class system, which is the mark of a balanced society. Turnstiles are, of course, an affront to the dignity of the person, irrespective of sex.

ROGER WIMBUSH

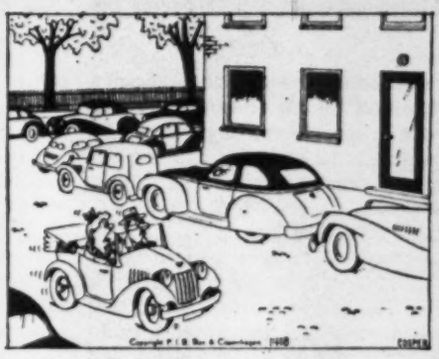
Teddington



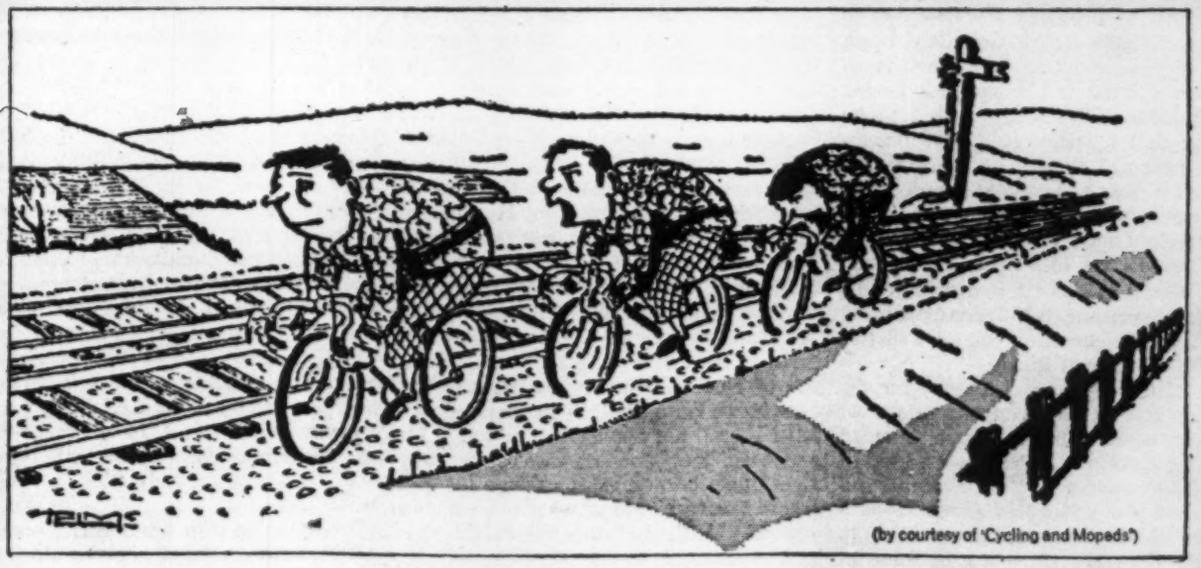
'I can only see one answer: do your business at home and live at the office'
(ROUTES ET CIRCULATIONS, BELGIUM)

'... and if you tell me again that we should have gone by train, I'll kill you!...'
(LA PRESSE, FRANCE)

go by train
and don't give
a hoot



'Why can't you find a parking place when everyone else seems to do it?'
(NEUE BERNER ZEITUNG, SWITZERLAND)



(by courtesy of 'Cycling and Mopeds')

'Do we always have to travel by the shortest route?'

BOOKS IN GENERAL

A Sense of Politicians

D. J. ENRIGHT

Irving Howe has written a peculiarly exasperating and provoking book*. But it certainly does provoke the reader into establishing whether or not he agrees with what it says. The sideshows of undeniable intelligence put us on our honour, we can't refuse the sometimes obscure challenge.

Mr Howe's critical variations are always interesting and often illuminating. It is his theme that seems somehow perverse. As if his way of reading a novel is radically different from what one had (perhaps wrongly) supposed to be the usual way. Is he at heart more interested in Politics than in the Novel? To put it like that means nothing – for what *is* the Novel that one should be exclusively interested in it, *tout court*? In any case the critic of 'political novels' will need to be interested in politics, presumably. No, it is nearer the point to suggest, not that Mr Howe is merely interested in ideology, but that he is imbued with an uninhibited, unquestioning respect for ideology. He attaches too much weight to what people say they mean. The serious novelist, the serious political novelist even, will attach weight to what people mean they mean.

The critic simplifies, the critic of the critic simplifies further. I have distorted Mr Howe's attitude in thus isolating it. He is not naive. He admits at the outset that conflict is inevitable: 'the novel tries to confront experience in its immediacy and closeness, while ideology is by its nature general and inclusive.' But from this conflict, he says, the political novel 'takes on the aura of high drama.' The ideology is to be – ever so respectfully – subsumed. But Mr Howe doesn't like to see ideology too completely subsumed. His objection to *The Secret Agent* is that Conrad is being grimly flippant about anarchists and revolutionists. Conrad is playing with loaded dice. But Mr Howe seems to me to be implying that ideology is a pure phenomenon, pure and absolute and unalterable. And isn't it clear by now that shades of the prison-house and the gas chamber soon begin to close upon the growing ideology? Like Conrad's art, ideologies are 'loaded', loaded and re-loaded. It is not surprising that Mr Howe should find Conrad's irony 'heavy', for he himself is innocent of this subversive quality of mind.

One of the supreme challenges for the political novelist is 'to make ideas or ideologies come to life . . . even more, to create the illusion that they have a kind of independent motion . . .' One assents uneasily, and the uneasiness grows. Is it a question of ideas or ideologies coming to life, just like that? Or is it a question of them yielding to another, prior sort of life, human life? For perhaps the political novelist's challenge is to make sure that, in his novel, the ideas or ideologies become *dead*. If so, then to talk afterwards of such novels in political terms is not to clarify but to undo the novelist's work, merely to resort to one of those 'imitation-botanical' classifications, as Lawrence called them. One should add that a critic of Mr Howe's intelligence will not be damned even by his classifications.

'The political novel turns characteristically to an apolitical temptation.' Perhaps that is well said: one cannot be sure of the tone in which Mr Howe pronounces the final word. It seems that he will permit, even advocate, a degree of succumbing to this temptation – a sort of fairly advanced petting. Some of us would rather have the novel go the whole hog, some of us would feel it a duty to do so rather than an indulgence. And especially in the mid-20th century, when political behaviour is pushing out all other kinds of behaviour. There is a grim, unintended humour in that phrase 'apolitical temptation'. One hopes that such things linger on in the shady corners of our world, like sexual pleasure in Orwell's Oceania. As puritanical ideology tightens and extends its grip, only by virtue of his vices shall the human individual survive.

Again and again one stops short in front of Mr Howe's assertions – often illogically, no doubt, like a burnt child dreading a reading-lamp. 'Politics rakes our passions as nothing else.' Who is this 'us'? Very well, you and I and the Laotian peasant. Politics rakes us. But does politics rake our *passions*, and rake them continuously? In the name of whatever might still be holy, do we have to lick the hand which is suffocating us? Quoting Orwell's remark that all revolutions are failures though not the same failure, Mr Howe reminds us that some have been successful. He instances the French Revolution, which 'opened Europe to political freedom.' Maybe it did that. Maybe something else would have done that. The French Revolution – and at least there is no 'maybe' here – put paid to a lot of people in the course of opening them to political freedom. But Mr Howe has a wholehearted respect for History. He trusts History. Whatever was, was right. Some of us may feel uncertain as to what did happen, let alone as to how we should attribute moral rectitude. It is consistent in Mr Howe to complain of Conrad's seedy caricatures: the anarchists and revolutionists of History were serious persons. But how do we know that? What reason do we have – real, not ideological, reason – for supposing that Conrad wasn't essentially right? Just because History says so. But whose History? And at what stage are we obliged to believe History, since History is still expounding herself?

Perhaps, when she gets to the end of her long, long sentence, History will have undermined those revolutionists far more thoroughly than Conrad 'undermines the dramatic integrity of his book' by representing them as 'knaves or fools'. 'The central event of our century remains the Russian Revolution.' A stirring, if banal, pronouncement. Even so, for many individuals the central event of their century is still love, or God, or cinema-going, or Beethoven, or their offspring, or the horses . . . The serious novelist doesn't concern himself with the 'central event' of a century – any more than the poet, writing *sub specie aeternitatis* though he may be, confines himself to descriptions of the Creation. And perhaps Mr Howe's appetites are best satisfied by the formal historians, the authorities on 'central events'.

The chapter on Dostoevsky is excellent; and there is good stuff in Mr Howe's accounts of *Nostromo* and *La Condition Humaine* in particular. Yet it may still be felt that less than a whole truth (and less than a novel half-truth) lies in his statement that the San Tomé mine, as symbol, 'forces the reader to see private drama as public struggle, to recognise that not the least tragic aspect of individual life is the fatality with which it melts away in the stream of history.' The characters thus become 'emblems' or 'agents' or 'representatives', and the novel is de-novelised, reduced to the comparatively crude abstract propositions with which the writer may have begun. In the case of the artist, his end is definitely not in his beginning.

Henry James 'had no larger view of politics as a collective mode of action. He had a sense of the revolutionaries but not of the revolutionary movement.' So much the better. Political movements, whether 'revolutionary' or something else, force their sense upon us – and perhaps only a sense of politicians can save us from destruction by that force. Mr Howe is divided on the subject of Malraux. 'Sometimes Malraux is able to reach a deeper human vision than Trotsky . . . In other respects Malraux is far inferior to Trotsky . . .' It is hard to see what is being compared with what, unless Mr Howe is simply saying that Trotsky is a better historian of the Russian Revolution than Malraux, while Malraux is a better novelist of the Chinese revolution of 1927 than Trotsky. Perhaps this is the case, for Mr Howe remarks that 'Malraux has a rather poor because uncultivated sense of historical movement.'

Well, the sound of cracking human bones which accompanies historical movement may well distract the observer's attention from the direction in which History is moving. The scene in which Katov gives his cyanide to a fellow prisoner is very fine. Without, one would have said, any particular ideological significance, even without the significance that 'ideology, being pure and selfless, transcends itself to become something better than itself' – for what has ideology to do with this at all? Then – for Mr Howe is continually casting ideology to the winds with one hand and plucking it back with the other – we are told that 'Kyo's Marxism, as embodied in Katov, helps modern man to find a proper way of dying.' One is left with a string of ques-

* *Politics and the Novel. New Left Books. Stevens.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

tions as to what exactly helps who exactly to die properly, and at the end another question: Isn't the function of the novel to teach us how to *live* properly? – a more arduous, more important task.

In *Darkness at Noon* Koestler is a truly political novelist, writing consciously, ideologically, against an ideology. But here Mr Howe's complaint is that ideology has not been sufficiently subsumed. Koestler 'is like a stricken Midas yearning for the bread of life yet, with every touch, turning experience into the useless gold of ideology.' Again, a very perceptive judgment. But between the excessive ideology of *Darkness at Noon* and the insufficient ideology of *The Secret Agent* one wonders where on earth the happy mean can be, or whether in truth Mr Howe wants neither to have his cake nor to eat it. For at times his arguments are nimble and sophisticated, even brilliant. Then suddenly, with the same air of close thinking, a truism or false profundity is presented for acclamation or note.

But perhaps *Politics and the Novel* is a brilliant, true and original book throughout – really New and really Left – and this review of it merely an exhibition of mild lunacy. After all, Mr Howe at any rate keeps his balance pretty well – a precarious balance between the demands of ideology and the claims of art. It is just that his scrupulousness seems a little ridiculous, more than a little pathetic, in the world of today. Perhaps the only trouble with this book is that, professing to deal with central, urgent and public issues, it is so *academic*. As the scholar puts the final touches to his PhD thesis, the thugs kick down the door.

A Christening

What we do best is breed:
August Bank Holiday, whole
Populations explode

Across the wolds and in a slot
Of small cars pullulate
By couples. Millington Meadows

Flower with campstools. At
Beverley the font
Has a cover carved like a goblet.

The new baby is fed.
I stumble back to bed.
I hear the owls for a long time

Hunting. Or are they never
In the winter grey of before dawn,
Those pure long quavers,

Cries of love? I put my arms around you.
Small mice freeze among tussocks.
The baby wails in the next room.

Upstairs Mrs Ramsay
Dies, and the house
Is full of the cries of the newborn.

In red and smoky wood
A follower of Wren
Carved it at Beverley:

The generous womb that drops
Into the sanctified water immediate fruit.
What we do best is breed.

DONALD DAVIE

Bertrand Russell calls for vast movement of protest and will speak 6 August Speakers Corner at 3pm

Most people in this country as well as in other countries, appear to be unaware that the Governments of East and West are solemnly preparing by mutual vituperation to create a general state of mind in which the public will acquiesce in a large scale nuclear war.

A large scale nuclear war, as almost all experts are agreed, means not only the extermination of nine-tenths of the population of Russia and the United States, but also what for us in Britain is peculiarly important, the total and complete extermination of the whole population of Western Europe and Britain.

Perhaps to be scrupulously exact, one should make one small exception. If it should happen that throughout the few days of the war the wind blew continuously from the West there might be a few dozen survivors in the Outer Hebrides. A nuclear war would wipe out Europe completely and North America as a component of civilization. If it were not happening I should have thought it inconceivable that Ministers, hitherto uncertified, could calmly contemplate this wanton and merciless disaster. Yet so it is.

Statements have recently been made on both sides of the Iron Curtain claiming that in a nuclear war the side to which the speaker belonged might achieve victory.

This is utter nonsense: and must be known to be nonsense by those who utter it unless they are criminally ignorant of things which it is their duty to know.

The peril is imminent and deadly. Before the end of the year we may all be dead, you, your children, if you have any, your wife or husband, your friends and all who make up the population of your neighbourhood and your country. If you do nothing during the coming weeks of crises you will have your share in the blame. You will have your part in the crime of killing all those whom you care for.

The governments can be stopped in their mad folly, but they can only be stopped by a vast movement of protest in which all sane men and women must take part. The time may be short. Action must be now or it may be too late.

The one thing for which we must stand is that the differences between East and West, whether about Berlin or any other issue must be settled by negotiation and not by war—for war in the nuclear age can leave nothing standing that either side could possibly desire.

I call upon the population of this country, as of every other country that is willing to listen, to rise in a vast protest with the cry **negotiation not war.**

If you wish to live, if you wish those you care for to live, if you care for your country, if you care for human achievement, it is your duty in this moment of supreme danger to do all that lies in your power to bring some spark of reason and humanity into the minds and hearts of those who control the destinies of East and West.

Bertrand Russell, President
Committee of 100. 13 Goodwin Street, London, N.4.
(Telephone ARChway 1239)

Durable Brasshats

The Donkeys. By ALAN CLARK. *Hutchinson.* 25*s.*

Brasshat. By BASIL COLLIER. *Secker & Warburg.* 30*s.*

It seems a pity that, even after 40 years, we cannot get objective books about the Great War. Mr Clark writes of 1915 and chops the British generals, particularly Haig, into acrimonious pieces. Mr Collier attempts to rebuild the reputation of Sir Henry Wilson, demolished in 1927 by the publication of extracts from his diaries. Mr Collier has a flat, unconvincing style, while Mr Clark writes with verve, venom and real feeling for the men whose lives the brasshats squandered. But neither book contributes much to our knowledge, and both reek of bias. Mr Clark's handling of his primary sources, particularly Haig's diaries, is suspect: he suppresses inconvenient passages and misinterprets others. Mr Collier presents a ludicrously exaggerated portrait of Wilson's virtues, both professional and personal, and betrays a wide ignorance of the politics of the period. In recent years there has been a crop of such historical studies by amateurs. Nearly all suffer from the same faults: lack of training in the handling of evidence, and the absence of background knowledge – creating an instinctive feeling for the age – which non-professionals rarely acquire.

Both books are concerned with the problem of generalship. Apart from one or two authorities, such as the Duke of Gloucester, everyone now accepts that our senior field commanders in the Great War were stupid and incompetent. But nobody has really explained why. Part of the answer, of course, is that so many of them came from the cavalry, which had lower educational requirements than any other arm (it is significant that Wilson, the most intelligent and articulate of them, had his wits sharpened in a light infantry mess). Cavalry officers, as we know from Churchill's *My Early Life*, spent virtually all their time playing polo; it seems likely that their military concepts were conditioned by the style of the game. Haig never understood infantry tactics, or even recognised the need for them. Hence GHQ made no serious attempt to revise them in the light of battle experience and this is the biggest single reason why our casualties were so heavy.

In addition, Haig had an inflexible habit of commanding from his map-room – an instinctive reaction, no doubt, to the old days, when commanders got muddled up with their forward troops and lost central control of the battle. But Haig carried his isolation to absurd lengths, and thus never grasped the nature of the fighting at battalion level – a grave handicap in a man who, in any case, lacked imagination.

All the same, there were able men just below the top. The real mystery is why they failed to oust their seniors. All countries, particularly Britain, begin wars with third-rate generals, who are rapidly eliminated by early disasters. Yet the brasshats of 1914 proved astonishingly durable: it is as though we had ended up in 1945 with Gort, Ironside and Wavell still at the top. Why, for instance, was Haig allowed to retain his command after the Somme and, still more incredibly, after Passchendaele? True, he leaned heavily on Royal favour, which had been mainly responsible for his quick promotion. But the real explanation lies deeper: a fundamental unbalance in the relationship between politicians and generals, unique in our history.

From 1886, when the Liberals first recognised that only a radical solution would settle Ireland, there was a progressive degeneration in British political life, culminating in the Ulster crisis. The conventions of party warfare were broken, and for the first time since 1832 there was a danger that politics would explode the limits of the parliamentary system; it is even arguable that, had not war intervened, the Tories and their military allies would have mounted a *coup* in the autumn of 1914.

In such situations, as we know from the recent history of France, the public's instinct is to turn from the politicians to the generals. The parallel with France's Algerian crisis is close. Despite an uninterrupted series of military defeats, French opinion, in the last two decades, has swung steadily from the politicians to the army. The generals' simple view of life contrasts favourably with the image of bickering politicians confronted with a problem to which no simple, and certainly no palatable, solution is possible. Ireland had a somewhat similar effect on English opinion.

For the first time in our history, the army enjoyed popular esteem and its leaders incarnated national honour. Thus, once the war began, they became virtually immovable. Kitchener, though treated with contempt by the entire cabinet, still enjoyed popular favour in 1916; his colleagues would doubtless have been stuck with him had not a German mine fortunately intervened. Even Lloyd George, who himself commanded wide public support, was never free to settle senior appointments on their merits. He only rid himself of Jellicoe, who nearly lost us the battle of the Atlantic, by enlisting Haig's support; and he risked a cabinet crisis to fire the bovine Sir William Robertson from the War Office. Haig he never mastered: the old general did not get his *quietus* from public opinion until long after his death, loaded with wealth and honours. The public's treatment of Marlborough sometimes seems shameful; but on the whole it is the safer way.

PAUL JOHNSON

Somme and Flanders

Who am I to speak up for the long dead?
Three uncles I never knew say I'm right.
Their tongues are speaking in my head –
I'm related to their flesh by fright.

Their world was made of nerves and mud.
Reading about it now shocks me – Haig
Gets transfusions of their blood,
Plum-and-apple feeds them for the plague.

Those Harmsworth books have sepia'd
Their peasants' fields sown with barbed-wire.
In 1919 crops of crosses appeared,
Seeded by bodies ripened in shell-fire.

One image haunts us who have read of death
In Auschwitz in our time – it is just light,
Shivering men, breathing rum, crouch beneath
The sandbag parapet – left to right

The line goes up and over the top,
Serious in gas-masks, bayonets fixed,
Slowly forward – the swearing shells have stopped.
Somewhere ahead of them death's stopwatch ticks.

PETER PORTER

Here and Now

The Classical Temper. By S. L. GOLDBERG. *Chatto & Windus.* 30*s.*

This study of *Ulysses* has a pair of neatly-chosen epigraphs. The first, from *Stephen Hero*, says that 'the classical temper' is distinguished from the romantic by its devotion to the actual, its refusal to deal in 'insensible figures'. The second is Lawrence's 'Most books that live, live in spite of the author's laying it on thick'. Mr Goldberg thinks *Ulysses* is a book that lives because it has the classical temper, a rooted interest in the actual. And it lives in spite of the laying on thick of Homeric and other superstructures. He does not consider one implication of Lawrence's remark – that living books are by authors who *have* to lay it on thick, even though that seems in the end to hurt rather than help the books. But he is very good at pointing out how Joyce and his exegetes have harmed *Ulysses*, and quite rightly says it is time Joyce critics grew sharper and more modest and saw the thing as a novel, possessing what permanent interest it has as a novel and not as anything else.

This means Mr Goldberg must do away with the idea that Joyce was a transcendental Symbolist with an amateur interest in Thomism. As a boy he may have been that; but he presented all such opinions to Stephen as a badge of his immaturity. In *Ulysses* Stephen is leaving them behind and coming to terms with the world inhabited by grown-ups like Bloom, the world in which artists have to learn to live. *Ulysses* is the story of an artist putting himself in a position to write such a book as *Ulysses*. It is Stephen himself who, in 'Scylla and Charybdis', cuts across Russell's maunderings about 'formless spiritual essences' and observes that the great thing is to 'hold to the now, the here'. This is to be dramatic; and Joyce's devices – stream-of-consciousness, 'epiphany' (brought down to earth very convincingly by Mr Goldberg) are dramatic devices. However, Joyce betrayed his own principles, allowing 'mere analysis, arrangement and device, to replace understanding, dramatic form and moral penetration; technique to fall apart from its dramatic meaning'. All this exhibits the damaging, the 'weakly cerebral' aspect of Joyce's mind. Mr Goldberg is especially rough on Molly for being so schematic and symbolic. He concludes that Joyce's 'central impulse to look at life squarely and truthfully . . . ran foul of his unconscious need to write a personal *Summa*'. Hence the disaster of *Finnegans Wake*.

Mr Goldberg's account of *Ulysses* constantly reminds you of a book you know, and which you remember primarily for its hereness and nowness rather than for the relation between Bloom's cigar and the club of Polyphemus. He slightly overdoes Bloom's brains, but makes him what he is, a man very like most men of 40, as well as much else; and this much else Mr Goldberg handles sanely. He values the book's 'underlying and over-arching vision of human life' and the perpetual presence of the impersonal author, dramatist and ironist, controller of the moral activity. His examination of the enemy position, which makes so much of purely mechanical patterns, is shrewd. And on confusions inherent in symbolistic novel-reading he is more than shrewd. Only once, reverting to the subject of the 'epiphany' late in the book, does he sell out to the occultists and produces an ideogrammatic theory of the epiphany

Can Britain do it?

IN A TIME of great industrial and technological progress, why should our economy stagger from crisis to crisis? Why must we struggle when most other countries seem to be doing very well? Can Britain compete in the twentieth century, or are we doomed to be 'the sick man of Europe'?

The latest economic measures (or half-measures, depending on your point of view) have provoked many angry questions about Britain's future. This Sunday The Observer begins a far-looking series of articles on 'Britain Tomorrow', examining our long-term prospects, dealing not with pennies on cigarettes and percentages on the bank rate, but with the challenge set by world changes over the last fifteen to twenty years.

Britain has lost an Empire; can technology fill the gap? How can we make better use of scientific knowledge? How can we increase production faster? What is more important—the pound sterling or economic growth?

Can we learn anything from Europe? Are their new techniques of planning relevant to our economy? What will be the effect if we join the Common Market?

These questions are not new to you, but they have still not been fully answered. We promise you that this Observer series has something to add, in both fact and thinking. You will find it helpful to begin reading this Sunday, and make a point of following it week by week.

Look ahead with

THE OBSERVER

which would, I think, if one developed it, play havoc with his own arguments.

Mr Goldberg has his own faults of method. His plan allows him to return over and over again to topics that seem to have been thoroughly dealt with, especially the assault on hermetic commentary. Like a great many modern critical works this book is about twice as long as it need have been. All the same, if you think Joyce valuable but feel that *Ulysses* seems, in the hands of some Joyceans, to be not quite what you thought it was, or would have liked it to be, Mr Goldberg's acute commonsense will send you back to the great book that was there, as you suspected, all the time.

FRANK KERMODE

Advertisements

I Speak of Freedom. By KWAME NKRUMAH. *Heinemann.* 25*s.*

Whether or not Mr Norman Mailer was the first to coin the title *Advertisements For Myself*, he certainly invented neither the idiom nor the concept. Following his autobiography, *Ghana*, President Nkrumah now gives us further, if somewhat repetitive, insight into his political virtuosity. 'With the cheers of thousands ringing across the Arena, my speech came to an end.' So the cult of Osugyefo (Victorious Leader) Nkrumah progresses. But to regard this constant chest-beating by the leader of a mere five million people as comic-opera would be a grave mistake. For Ghana and its leader have become a symbol (though often a resented one) for emergent Africa.

Nkrumah 'speaks of freedom'. National independence, an end to racial discrimination, freedom from colonialism in its varied forms, yes. But what of the domestic situation? It is frequently suggested that the British blueprint for Parliamentary democracy has already been torn to shreds in Ghana. While regarding himself as a master statesman, Nkrumah writes as a politician, and neither in this book nor elsewhere has he done justice to the cause of his federalist and Ashanti opponents. Certainly strong governmental measures are needed to cope with plots and violence, but his summary justification of deportations – that they were a coercive instrument inherited from the old colonial regime – fails to convince.

The Opposition has been crushed. Nkrumah is right: 'The Convention People's Party is Ghana'. No doubt sincerely, he expresses respect for free elections and the rights of the individual. But democracy is not so much a saleable idea as a stage in economic and social development, a balance of power between classes. Without the relevant conditions the concept becomes sterile and cannot function properly. Ghana, like other new states in Africa, will require years of 'guided government' and progressive authoritarianism before its social structure can develop to the point where the fuller forms of democracy become meaningful.

Although the ardently polemical nature of this book, a collection of speeches covering the period 1949-1960, interspersed with a commentary, necessarily reduces its documentary value, the book does draw attention to social and economic achievements of which Ghanaians can justly be proud. Over half a million children, for instance, now enjoy a secondary education. The book also illustrates Nkrumah's special formula for the general problem of development: 'Socialism' and a welfare state at home, combined with pleas for large capitalistic investments from abroad.

Although Nkrumah tactfully ignores the fact, the younger generation of Ghanaian militants are beginning to find this programme either anachronistic or insufficiently radical. The cocoa dealers of London are in a panic, for it seems that in the present struggle within the CPP, the older generation may soon be swept aside. It happened, after all, in Cuba.

Until recently the Nkrumah formula of Pan-Africanism, 'positive neutrality' and the creation of a 'Third Force' seemed viable. But recent events, the union with Communist-orientated Guinea and the Congo story have swung Ghanaian opinion sharply in favour of the Communist bloc.The machinations of the Belgians *after* the granting of Congolese independence, the creation of the puppet Tshombe, America's role in the downfall of Lumumba and the consequent set-back to Ghanaian prestige, together with the ultimate ineffectiveness of UN action, were bound to undermine the theory of 'positive neutrality'.

Nkrumah's book ignores these implications. Evidently he wishes to halt the trend to the left. But it should not be forgotten that the CPP with its 'democratic centralism', its powerful Central Committee and its 'Vanguard Activists' could readily be turned into an instrument of Communist penetration. The rapidity with which this development takes place will largely depend on Nkrumah's own power and prestige, but in the long run it is all too likely.

DAVID CAUTE

Single and Several

The New Cambridge Modern History, Vol. V: The Ascendancy of France 1648-88. *Cambridge.* 40*s.*

The Century of Revolution 1603-1714. By CHRISTOPHER HILL. *Nelson.* 25*s.*

The New Cambridge Modern History, now coming out at a good rate, has not had an easy time with the critics. Sometimes it has been like listening to the disappointed voices of those who could have done much better if only they had been called in; some criticism has been quite petty or directed less at the series itself than at the whole notion of writing dispassionate history. It need not be disputed that the series is not perfect, or even that in some respects it falls unduly short of that condition. The absence of footnotes and booklists, decided on as a matter of policy years before the volumes were written, remains a mistake, even though a bibliographical volume is now in preparation. Individual editors have conceived their tasks variously, though this saves the series as a whole from the disease of flat sameness to which particular volumes may succumb. Volumes from a single pen might – there is evidence both ways – be better and read better; but they would be bound in part to be based on less profound knowledge. The Cambridge Histories may not be an ideal way of writing history, but they are a good, a solid, a useful, even a necessary part of the historical bookshelf. And that is quite enough.

The present volume is well up to the top level of the series. Dr Carsten has gathered an excellent and very international team, has himself contributed two exemplary chapters, and has covered the ground thoroughly enough, forgetting neither art nor philosophy, war nor administration. The ascendancy of France gives the volume much natural unity, though both France and England (the latter disconcertingly) are treated only from 1660, and though the age of Louis XIV should properly include the triumph of Marlborough and the conquest of Belgrade. If the later chapters, devoted to the discussion of individual countries (special mentions for Lough on France, Carsten on the Empire, Betts on Austria), are the more solid, the earlier ones, dealing with intellectual and structural problems, are the more exciting. Their value varies. Against a first-rate sketch of the economic situation (Coleman) and a lucid summary of scientific development (Hall), one must set the very old-fashioned treatment of political thought (Skalweit), which summarises the leading thinkers in text-book fashion, and a rather confusing account of philosophy (von Leyden). High expectations are aroused, and disappointed, by Sir George Clark's study of 'the social foundations of states', which combines occasional fine touches with a curiously slight and elusive treatment, though this in part reflects our general ignorance of this difficult problem.

In many ways the most individual contributions are those of Mr Ogg. On French thought and literature he has written the most personal and the most fascinating chapter of the lot. He also writes on the England of the later Stuarts. Does one detect signs that he has done so too often? Certainly there are excellent things here, but unlike the others who covered national histories he assumes too much and makes too little plain; the politics, the constitutional problems of the period, the interaction of personalities are hinted rather than described. The expert will get much out of this, the ignorant very little.

Coming from Mr Hill the new general history of 17th-century England was bound to be good, and good it is. It was also bound to be idiosyncratic, to rely heavily on contemporary writings, to put the stress on society and economics, to push 'the people' to the forefront of every issue. It is and does all these things. At times it reads almost like an anthology, and the printer must have run short of quotation marks; quite often the reader feels that what some people said at the time is taken to prove what happened.

The constant denunciation of propertied men's doings excites in the reader an exasperation with the poor which at least puts him in tune with the 17th-century ruling classes. Mr Hill seems to allow that the activities of the rich ultimately promoted improvement all down the line: would the country – all of it – ever have been better off if such as the Levellers had got their way? And Mr Ogg reminds us of what Mr Hill ignores – the extraordinary degree of self-government even at village level which still existed in the period. Furthermore, while the book has many virtues obtainable only by its predominantly analytical arrangement, the narrative sections are so brief as to be confusing, and certain problems which cry out for treatment in time (the changing face of puritanism, the development of political groups) fail to come over. On the difficult problem of parties after 1660 neither Mr Hill nor Mr Ogg are sufficiently explicit; but parties are admittedly not everything.

All this amounts to little more than saying that one book of just over 300 pages cannot do everything, and Mr Hill has done an astonishing amount with the space at his dis-

posal. This may not be the whole of Stuart England, but it is a very large and very true part of it. Even in the midst of occasional doubts one remains amazed and edified by the manner in which the confusion of events is reduced to a coherent and fruitful interpretation, to a work of art. By comparison Dr Carsten's volume must look not only weighty but heavy. It does not rouse so much desire to argue: no doubt it is less provoking. But though the single hand may not always do better than a team, when that hand is Mr Hill's it would be a sour, dank scholar who refused the palm to him.

G. R. ELTON

Some People, Places and Things That Need Scarcely Appear Anywhere

The Lifeline. By HUGO CHARTERIS. *Collins.* 18*s.*

The Reckoning. By MICHAEL HORBACH. Translated by Norman Denny. *Bodley Head.* 15*s.*

A Peak in Darien. By ROSWELL HAM. *Bodley Head.* 15*s.*

The Stone Arbor. By ROGER ANGELL. *Gollancz.* 16*s.*

Some People, Places and Things That Will Not Appear in My Next Novel. By JOHN CHEEVER. *Gollancz.* 16*s.*

British satirists remind me of good British heavyweights: technically sound, sometimes even brilliant, they lack the savage punching power and ferocity of the really great fighter. This is the weakness of Hugo Charteris's latest book *The Lifeline*, detracting from an otherwise elegant and accomplished novel. *The Lifeline* is concerned with the predicament of the exuberant romantic, the cavalier of another age, stranded in an increasingly tame and conformist world. It is a good theme, fundamentally important yet rich in comic possibilities, and Mr Charteris, a witty, observant and imaginative writer, exploits it well. The narrative has pace, colour and tension, and if his ideas are not dazzlingly original, they are trenchant enough. And yet, at the end, one is left slightly disappointed. The suspicion grows that the writer's awareness of our cowardice and hypocrisy should have provoked a much rougher assault than this.

Set in the remote Highland town of Fluach, it tells the story of Tulloch Traquhair's bid to reopen the derelict Strathire Arms Hotel – now, with work beginning on a nearby dam, a potential goldmine. In the face of his near-bankruptcy, the hostility of the local businessmen and the glowering disapproval of his sole helpmate, this seems a tall order. But Tulloch does contrive to open the place. How he manages it, and what follows, provides a wealth of material for the writer's very real comic talents. He captures quite brilliantly not only the glowering Scottish landscape, but also the narrow, self-absorbed parochialism of small-town life. His characters, even the minor ones, are creatures of flesh and blood, superbly drawn in an astounding diversity of mood and temperament. He has, moreover, the rare ability to create genuinely comic characters without once toppling over into caricature. This talent alone is enough to distinguish him from the general run of British novelists.

The Reckoning is set in the German Federal Republic at the time of the abortive Hungarian Revolution – flashbacks serve to reveal the imminent Nazi defeat and the early post-war years of hope and reconstruction. Grotius, a drunken and disillusioned journalist, slowly dying of a war wound, is convinced that corrupt politicians and industrialists, the old gang, are paving the way for a re-emergence of Nazism and a new military adventure, this time 'on the right side'. He has documents which deeply incriminate influential politicians and threatens to publish them. Retribution is swift and brutal. He is beaten up, the documents are stolen, and his mistress, in an attempt to save them, is accidentally killed. He has made his gesture too late.

As literature the book has no great distinction. Written in simple, staccato prose, the story is too melodramatic to be completely convincing, and the characters themselves lack depth. Yet all this does little to diminish the novel's power as a passionate denunciation of war and an urgent, but not hysterical protest against the way we are going. A cautionary tale, perhaps, but Michael Horbach's book has little in common with the irritating, rather vapid 'Bomb' fantasies of recent months. His warnings sound against a background as true as it is terrifying: a defeated and divided nation, embittered and resentful, menacing and incalculable. It should be made compulsory reading for all those who fondly imagine that Nuremberg saw the death of Nazism.

Six lines of Roswell Ham's book *A Peak in Darien* and we are slap in the middle of familiar territory. This is the lush suburbia of New York's middle classes, a sun-drenched land of cocktails, barbecues and acid repartee, where children are cute but not obtrusive, women are capable but sympathetic, and husbands commute, fail to consummate their affairs and feel vaguely guilty about the amount of liquor they drink and the amount of money they earn. The plot revolves round a middle-aged (Hollywood style) newscaster's love affair with a neighbour's 22-year-old daughter and the troubles they encounter before virtue and matrimony triumph. Very much the light frolic, I suppose Peter de Vries might have imbued it with a certain ironical tang: in Mr Ham's hands it emerges as sentimental, complacent, and only mildly funny. To be read only if the set has broken down.

All the stories in Roger Angell's book *The Stone Arbor* have been published in the *New Yorker* and, for the most part, they bear the quite unmistakable brand image. It is all there – the sterilised prose, the sentimental obsession with ageing relatives and cracker-barrel philosophy, the confidential, buttonholing style of narration – 'the thing you ought to know about my father is that he plays a lovely game of tennis'. However, two or three of the stories are well worth reading. The best, 'Children at the Shore', is a comment on American life that has an unforced, bitter irony worthy of Angus Wilson, and no one who is intrigued by five-star military fanatics can fail to take the force of 'Some Pigs in Sailor Suits'. John Cheever's latest book, *Some People, Places and Things That Will Not Appear in my Next Novel*, is a sad disappointment. Alternating between a slick, desperately contrived cleverness and downright whimsy, one is left bewildered that they should appear anywhere.

FRANK MCGUINNESS

Listening to Thoreau

A Writer's Journal. By H. D. THOREAU. Edited by LAURENCE STAPLETON. *Heinemann.* 25*s.*

A Writer's Journal. This is as good a title as any for the selection Mr Stapleton has made (from a total mass amounting to 14 printed volumes). Henry David Thoreau *was* a writer, to the extent that he cared about words, that he made a lifelong habit of setting down his impressions, and that his journals formed the raw material for what he published. But a great deal is missing that one might expect to find. There is a wry comment on the fate of his first book, *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers.* Thoreau paid someone to publish it in an edition of 1,000. Four years later, he retrieved the 706 copies that had remained unsold and stacked them upstairs in his room:

> I have now a library of nearly nine hundred volumes, over seven hundred of which I wrote myself. Is it not well that the author should behold the fruit of his labor?

Later, Thoreau refers laconically to the appearance of his second book, *Walden*, with no expectation that anyone will buy it. There are practically no references to reviews or to other living authors. There is no literary gossip, no sense of a metropolis, no interest in the human comedy. So this is certainly not the notebook of a novelist, or a man of letters. Nor, exactly, that of a naturalist, although there are detailed observations on the flora and fauna of the district. It is a strange combination of the everyday and the mystical. The tone is both familiar and remote. Thoreau talks to himself, and to

The London Magazine

The August number, now on sale (3s 6d), introduces *Francis Fytton*, whose story, THE PARAS, is set in Algeria; THE EXPERIMENT is a story by *Bertolt Brecht*, appearing for the first time in English; *Geoffrey Gorer* writes on THE USES OF PORNOGRAPHY; poetry includes a selection from the work of the Soviet writer *Osip Mandelshtam*, as well as Six Poems by *Sylvia Plath*; *Ned Rorem* asks IS NEW MUSIC NEW?; and, in addition to the concluding instalment of MY FIRST FORTY YEARS by *Paul Klee*, there are other critical articles and the usual features on films and theatre.

A year's subscription costs 45s, from The Shenval Press, 58 Frith St., London, W.1.

Edited By Alan Ross

posterity. His modesty is absolute, and appears like absolute vanity. His contempt for conventional standards, including literary standards, seems almost to amount to a conviction that his potential readers are not up to him. He prefers to remain unpublished to safeguard his purity.

> All the criticism which I got on my lecture on Autumnal Tints . . . was that I assumed that my audience had not seen so much of them as they had. But after reading it I am more than ever convinced that they have not seen much of them, – that there are few persons who do see much of nature.

Of course he was right. Most people led cluttered, ignoble lives. They missed what he saw, and did not even suspect what they were missing. He walked in the moonlight while the Concord townsfolk were indoors. He looked for Indian arrowheads, or for new species of plants, where other men wondered only how many dollars an acre the land might fetch. He knew and recorded marvellous moments of exaltation. He tried (and tried not to try) to become one with the landscape and the seasons. He recommended to himself, and evolved, a suitably unaffected prose style. A remarkable achievement.

Yet Thoreau is an unsimple being, and there is something self-defeating as well as noble about his series of renunciations. He strains to be at ease, to forget that he is present. But he stands in the centre of the landscape; he sneaks up on himself; he becomes his own subject. There are passages of great power and beauty in his journal. There are also repetitions, exhortations, notes for things it would be useful to think about. These cumulatively make one feel that as a writer Thoreau did not have quite enough of a subject, no matter how admirable his prescription for living. Henry David Thoreau did not much like to talk to other men. After a while we begin to retaliate: we find him splendid but begin to fidget, not quite sure whether we want to go on listening to him.

MARCUS CUNLIFFE

Blossoms in the Dust

KUSUM NAIR

WITH A FOREWORD BY GUNNAR MYRDAL

The most direct and authentic picture we have of changing life in the rural communities of India.

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—MICHAEL EDWARDES
(*The Guardian*)

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DUCKWORTH

God Today

Common Sense about Christian Ethics. By CANON CARPENTER. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Common Sense about Religion. By JOHN HADHAM. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The authors of the *Common Sense* series are asked to assume no special knowledge on the part of their readers, to write in a manner immediately intelligible to any man or woman of average education, and to be reasonably objective. Given their subject, the present authors therefore deserve our sympathy.

Canon Carpenter believes that Christian Faith cannot supply a cut and dried answer to every contemporary moral problem and that it would not be a good thing for us if it could. Jesus, he maintains, did not incarnate the Will of God in terms of abstract principles: 'rather, in meeting given situations as they came He committed Himself to God as He lived existentially in response to them'.

> He did not therefore proclaim a moralism which can be reduced to a precise form: but showed a life which to the Christian has unique value. For this reason, the ambition of his followers is not so much to be morally good as to be Christ-like . . .

To try to state Jesus's unique moral insight is to risk turning it into a 'propositional' system and thereby misrepresenting it: we may roughly characterise it as a 'sacrificial personalism', an 'ethic of love'.

What kind of cutting edge does the Christian ethic have today? Canon Carpenter considers a number of contemporary questions. 'Sometimes', he says, 'the Christian must be prepared to find an absolute and to draw a line'; and he draws his own line to exclude the use of hydrogen bombs, all forms of apartheid and most forms of modern advertising. He is also unconditionally against capital punishment.

A familiar difficulty for this version of Christianity is that the Christian example seems open to an endless diversity of interpretations: why should this not lead to fanaticism and chaos? Canon Carpenter's reply is that where the Christian spirit exists there will in fact be an inclusive order. If we ask the grounds for this belief – why, in other words, we should follow *this* example – the answer is that 'to the believer, in view of the status of Jesus in the Faith, these ethics have more than a merely human authority behind them'. It is here that Canon Carpenter seems to me to be at his least persuasive: he says almost nothing about the distinctive nature of this authority, of the ways in which it may be manifested or recognised, or of its essential place in Christian belief. It may well be that no argument *for* Christianity is to be expected: intuitive certainty of God's Will is not attained by critical reason. (Act as if you believed, Pascal said, and this will deaden your acuteness.) But we could surely have been told why this is so. As it is, the infidel may be left with unnecessarily little idea of what it is that he doesn't believe.

Religion, says Mr Hadham (*alias* James Parkes), 'is pre-eminently a sphere in which we should be tender and patient with each other'. He goes on to suggest that the way forward from our present situation is towards 'the discovery of one wide and sweet entanglement of the world's religions in the diversity of service to one Father'. An Anglican minister himself, he sees religion as well able to overcome 'the loneliness and isolation of the individual in the modern world' and to give sense and purpose to an otherwise pointless existence. With an eclectic ontology and a breezy contempt for continental theologians he decries the march of this retreating world into the vain citadels of affluence, selfishness and irresponsibility and makes a remarkable catalogue of modern delinquencies ranging from dishonest advertising, squalid cities and processed food to our persistent failure to quarantine the wheels of aircraft landing from the tropics. This book will almost certainly reach a wide audience.

COLIN FALCK

Just Blowing

Green Memory. By L. A. G. STRONG. *Methuen.* 30*s.*

As an autobiographer, the late L. A. G. Strong suffered from some notable disadvantages: he was modest, kind, even-tempered and resolutely fair-minded. Or so, at any rate, he emerges from *Green Memory*, an account of his youth which closes with marriage and his decision to give up schoolmastering for the life of a professional writer. The mildness wouldn't matter, if the story itself were an interesting one, but in fact Strong's early years were unremarkable. Prep school heroes and public school miseries, boyhood crazes for cricket and the theatre, crotchety teachers with hearts of gold and dons of the old breed: Strong deals in the small change of English autobiography.

Ireland, however, serves him better, particularly when he recalls the musical life of Dublin, where his family had known Bernard Shaw's; Strong himself had a weakness for Palm Court ballads (he once sang in a restaurant), and one sees what he means when he calls *Ulysses* 'a magical directory' of his childhood. His recollections of war-hysteria in the Oxford of 1917 are still disturbing, too – one especially ugly lynch-party was only foiled by the intervention of Robert Graves – but here again his eagerness to think well of everybody blunts the impact. The unadulterated milk of human kindness isn't a very heady drink.

What's hard to bear in mind is that all this was while Strong was grooming himself to become a writer, publishing poetry, editing anthologies and laying the foundations of a literary career. He has little to say of his writing, and almost nothing of his growing pains as an author; his attitude to his craft seems as unthinking as that of the legendary glass-blower – 'How do I do it? I just blows.' Strong's casual air, like his good humour, was in many ways very characteristic of his period.

It was an age of Affable Hawks and Open Roads, of literary garden parties and raggle-taggle week-end escapism. Anyone interested in the Georgians (and there have been some stirrings in that direction lately) will find the flavour of the period preserved in these pages, though only at the level of chit-chat. Most of the names are there, from Coppard to Earp, with Meynells and Lehmanns popping up at regular intervals; by the end of the book even young Cyril Connolly has put in an appearance.

A cliquey world, but one which tried hard to foster talent. Strong, who today would probably head for a senior common room or copy-writer's desk, started work as a teacher at £120 a year, but without family connections and while still virtually unknown found himself invited to meet the great at Garsington. Unfortunately he gives little more than a catalogue of names; he got to know Eliot, Forster, Virginia Woolf, but they remain shadowy figures. Only when Yeats is involved do they begin to come to life; there are glimpses of him exchanging elaborate courtesies with Bertrand Russell, and of Eliot singing his praises.

Yeats was Strong's hero; he saw a good deal of him in Oxford, and records some of the many conversations which they had. A dabbler in the occult himself (as an undergraduate he experimented in telepathy with the venerable Professor Schiller), he was never embarrassed by the poet's spookier moments or cabbalistic flights. Yet it is an unusually earthbound Yeats who comes across, for Strong is also at pains to stress his kindness (except to George Moore – there are the inevitable catty stories) and his sense of humour. I liked Yeats's retort to the composer who boasted about his setting of *Innisfree*, 'sung in the open air by two thousand boy scouts,' which was to quote, 'And I shall have some peace there.' But while it is typically considerate of Strong to dwell on the amiable rather than the arrogant Yeats, something important is lost in the process; the lion's claws are pared, and he is well on the way to becoming a domestic pet.

JOHN GROSS

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Operation Osborne

V. S. PRITCHETT

History is beginning to look like the dramatists' hospital. Tony Richardson, Albert Finney and a shot from Luther, one of the potent ampoules in past biography, have between them got John Osborne on his feet again, at the Royal Court. He is a writer who (one supposes) has too much obsessive autobiography on hand and needs an outsize transference; Luther is an admirable subject for him.

Osborne has now been able to move on from the rebel living beyond his moral and intellectual means and being sick in a void, to one who, though he may vomit in a cloister, acts upon the world. That is a gain. And if his *Luther* contains too many passing notions and is less a play than a vivid Feature or collection of *tableaux vivants*, it has many memorable strokes of theatre in it. Its underlying concern with the in-fighting of the free conscience, with the determination to live out a life and find maturity for oneself, reverses a fashion: for sinful and monstrous Protestants are seen to be as fertile in saintly suggestion as delinquent Catholics, saintliness being what is nowadays hunted out, a good deal because of its sordid side. Luther responded to pigs and latrines.

In its own idiom *Luther* fails only in the final scenes, where Osborne drives home his argument, and in the Knight's speech before the dead body of the man killed in the Peasant War, which Luther can be said to have betrayed. This last failure was one of language. Where Shaw is all verve and mastery in the language of his contemporary comments, Osborne is either flat or jaunty. This points to a general weakness. Brecht makes original moralities; Shaw enacts a dazzling polemic and can always turn the private person inside out and make him public; Sartre sharpens the teeth of history and gives his plays the bite of a nasty decade; even Anouilh's misleading annotations succeed because they are partial and witty – all, in short, tear up the documents and create. Osborne re-reads. He does no more than expound.

That he does so with a special object, i.e. to get at the root of Luther's neurosis or wound, is sound so far as it goes. The difficulty is not to lose the maker of the Reformation in the neurotic. I believe in Osborne's tortured monk, I believe that his quarrel with his father foreshadows the quarrel with the Pope and his agony before God – and a good deal of this is in Luther's known words. But, except for one superb moment when the peasants come on chanting *Ein' Feste Burg*, I could not connect his case with his sermons on the sale of Indulgences, or these with the Reformation and the German awakening. He is more case than cause and is rarely seen talking with more than one person at a time and in a snap interview. If the fusion failed, it must be said that Osborne's history is well apprehended, being a sharp, just commentary in itself. But except for effect, Osborne hardly needed one of the greatest European upheavals to make his psychoanalytical point: that a man is born of man and woman, and had better accept the fact; maturity and sanity are achieved by the tragic discovery that one is not self-created.

Osborne's failure to fuse the neurotic with the great maker of the Reformation is not a failure of understanding although, at one moment, someone is allowed the bright remark that Luther is not a revolutionary but a rebel – if the Reformation was not a revolution what was it? I pass this remark over as a political cliché. The failure is technical. Chronicles have to skip; they run on; they do not build. It takes a Brecht to thread an allegory through them. At one or two points Osborne funks a climax and jumps to the situation that follows it. Far too much of his *Luther* is reporting after the event. We seldom see Luther in the act of becoming a focus.

The dispute at the Diet of Worms is beautifully staged, but it is potted and over in a flash. We never see Luther in his crucial dilemma at the time of the Peasant Revolt; it is reported afterwards. We are shown the objector, but not the objector swept on by events. We are not shown policy or its corruption. We are not shown that he was a cautious man. What a scene in the life of the religious revolutionary when, suddenly, given respite, he betrays a social revolution! That scene is missing. A dramatist is, of course, entitled to select what he likes from history. He need not even have the historical imagination. But he does need the sense of significance and relevance; and, since Osborne's interests are psychological and moral, it is a failure in construction to have missed this point. The disillusioned Knight's speech before the body of the peasant killed in the massacre, and Luther's indifference, lose all their effect and seem indeed a bit vulgar.

As a series of biographical scenes from a soul's diatribe, the play succeeds and impresses. The early episodes in the monastery are moving, and they ground the piece well. Albert Finney shows his quality at once in the monks' confessional where his sweating and muttering agony puts him apart from the penitents who are intoning their pettifogging misdemeanours. Finney has not – and perhaps cannot be expected to convey – the bodily coarseness of the German which lent to Luther's obscenities a popular richness and which, as Osborne understood, gave the Reformation its formidable quality of the deeply German awakening of a people through their language. He missed the brutal yet poetic humour of the flesh, so that most of Luther's obscenities had more hatred than nature in them and therefore less power. But the ill, tortured, obstinate, pent-up man, Finney completely caught – the strange morbid appeal of the sick mind and the awkward, searching, extemporary mixture, in his sermons, of sly homeliness and rhetoric.

He conveyed Luther's doubting, halting quality, and especially he gave weight to those silences – ugly, fermenting, uncouth, yet touching – that (Osborne brilliantly saw) were of the essence of the character. The sermons, and especially the one that contains the scabrous portrait of the Pope as a 'fish's head', were preached by a Doctor of Theology who had not forgotten that he had come up from the common people, who enjoyed the images they enjoyed and knew how to play upon their indignations. Finney, who has considerable emotional range, could have carried the part further if the lines had been given to him.

Whenever Osborne brought the Reformation briefly into the foreground he did so with a sure sense of theatre. There was Peter Bull as the voluminous Textel selling off Indulgences in the curdled words of a TV commercial and in a voice which seemed to make his Germanic guts boil in his throat. There was John Moffat's weary Cajetan, the Papal legate, who brought out the immense difference between the Italian Renaissance and crude German nationalism. This part was well-written and exquisitely performed; it is a key point in the public theme of the play.

Pictorially, Tony Richardson's production and Jocelyn Herbert's costumes and designs were excellent and there were some very clever shocks of transition from scene to scene. One remembers the sudden appearance of the Pope with his hunting party – sulky, sensual, elegant, childishly proud and brusquely decisive. It was an arresting indication that the Reformation was up against the subtlety and grace of princes. The moment when he teased his falcon was a small masterstroke. This beautiful picture was balanced by the scene in which the far, staccato singing of *Ein' Feste Burg* suddenly became the loud, frightening chorus of a revolutionary rabble. There was nothing melodramatic or ham in these scenes. They issued naturally from Osborne's gift: at its best, for one-man rhetoric; at its second best, the commonplace exasperation of the one-man band.

The last two scenes of the play in which we see Luther bland, fat, sentimental and domesticated are glib and commonplace. They come abruptly, with a jerk, and there is nothing to prepare us for them. (How fatal it is to this particular portrait that the strange transformation of character in the castle of Wartburg is missing and that we have never seen Luther placed politically.) At the

beginning of the play, in the row with the father – a good performance by Bill Owen – we had been shown that sex was the trouble; now we are shown that Luther was an affectionate husband and father, fond of the lute and his food and drink. But it is not the rapid calming down of Luther we object to here or that he solved certain private problems, but the banality of the language. No constipation, no rhetoric, no reform. Is that really the moral? It is not. Osborne's weakness is that he can make a speech but has not enough pleasure in language to construct a whole life or a whole argument. It is pretty easy to state a case; but his remarkable sense of theatre cannot conceal that his language fails when it is faced by the ambiguity of character or by a situation that goes beyond the obsessive and is, in fact, life itself.

I Got Those Cathode Blues

LOUIS MACNEICE

This being the season on the Baby Screen that can drive you from a view to a death, in turning my eyes to lower things like the printed word I missed Joan Littlewood's valedictory tirade on ITV. By all accounts she gave a superb exhibition of Parthian archery, repeatedly remembering her Maker in the days of her wrath and shaking off so much dust that even Sloane Square began sneezing. Of the personalities in Miss Littlewood's wake that I did see during this last fortnight Mr Priestley and Mr Gaitskell (both on ITV) came over as expected, the former complacently apologetic, finding himself 'too amiable' and even weak, and expressing an understandable nostalgia for the fresh-feeling mornings of war-time London, the latter once again surprising one by his sheer lack of monstrosity (with most politicians the camera merely follows suit from the cartoon).

The best talking face I have seen recently, perhaps because it was approached by way of his hands, was that of Bernard Leach, the master potter. Quaintly enough, he was preceded on BBC by Elvis Presley whose songs were represented visually by cavorting little abstract shapes that contrived to be both arch and louche (Len Lye must have been turning in his Greenwich Village hideout). Mr Leach's hands provided a sermon or rather a hymn in clay which made some of his oral sermonising superfluous. While it was interesting to hear how he found his inspiration as a young man when living in the Far East, it did not seem to me to follow that we must all be equally Orientated if we were to find wisdom. (Is there a Zen Buddhist in the pottery? If so, send for Mr Koestler.) Mr Leach in fact looked his message more than he sounded it; on sound radio one might perhaps have found him pretentious. Anyhow the close-up of his hands on that wet and whirling wheel is one of the few things I have lately seen on television, always excepting sports, that have made me feel grateful for the medium.

A disappointing programme on ITV was *Thirty Years After*. This brand of scrapbook history, like all biography or at least all autobiography, can never be wholly dull, but it is very much better when held together by one man's attitude or personality. Malcolm Muggeridge some years ago served as an excellent skewer in the BBC television film *The Thirties*, but then he both remembered the period and had strong feelings about it. Why Miss Adrienne Corri was chosen to contrast '31 with '61 I find it hard to imagine; when we heard her voice alone it was lush but unconvincing and her visual entrances were intrusions. It was not her fault, of course; there are plenty of places for her glamour and dynamism but the Britain of the Slump was not one of them – nor for that matter is the Britain that so worries Gaitskell, Priestley and Littlewood. In this programme, moreover, there seemed to be too much 'period' stuff faked in the studio; this just will not blend with genuine newsreel material. Both entertainment and instruction did seep through nonetheless: Ramsay MacDonald explaining that the difficulties of 1931 were 'purely temporary', Dame Sybil Thorndike paying a handsome tribute to playwrights such as Pinter and Wesker, Sir Bernard Lovell imposing some human values on space.

Two Scottish singers, Kenneth McKellar and Ian Wallace, were starred in *A Song for Everyone* (BBC). This, I fear, was not a song for me. When is a Scot not a Scot? Answer: when he is a stage Scot. (The same applies even more to my compatriots the Irish, at least when they are tenors.) While I am puzzled that the public should like this sort of thing, I am even more puzzled that the artists should like doing it – if they do. There are few sicklier cake-mixes, popular though this one is today, than facetiousness and sentimentality. When Mr McKellar sang *Lieder* he did the sicklification himself but, to be fair to him, in a song like 'The Peat Fire Flame' a fine Hebridean melody had been sicklied o'er for him already by Marjory Kennedy Fraser. But the producer was guilty too. If somebody is going to sing 'Bless the hearth a-blazing there', he should either sing it setless, maybe against drapes or a plain cyclorama, or within a set which could conceivably exist in some other than a smokeless – and peatless and witless and altogether hopeless – area.

Wring Its Neck

ROGER GELLERT

We are always ready to attack the rootless, cosmopolitan writer, sipping highballs on the patio of his Riviera villa, rattling off a thousand words of wordly wisdom every morning, before dipping his tanned old hulk in the Mediterranean: the rich, full, well-travelled life. But to see *The Bishop's Bonfire* (Mermaid) is to be made aware of a no less grave corruption: staying at home, lionised cock of your own dunghill, praised for your provincialism, dwindling into a sage, a crusty oracle. Is it modesty or arrogance that has made Sean O'Casey stick to the same narrowing furrow of Irishness? While I think his classic plays of the Troubles stop short of genius, they are hard to resist, a wonderful tragi-comic blend. But with time the blend has become a formula, the formula a tired routine, and this late comedy which caused such a rumpus in Dublin makes sad entertainment in London. It is a long, larky splutter of rage against the Catholic Church as champion of hypocrisy and enemy of true love. Bricklayers come to blows over bigotry. A slimy councillor becomes a Count, a worldly canon a Monsignor. The councillor's church-crazed elder daughter meets a sticky end at the hands of her failed-priest lover; the sexy, sensible younger daughter loses patience with her cowed boy-friend. Religion and sex apart, booze is the guiding passion.

The action is that of domestic farce, with the Church in the role of mother-in-law. The characters cackle and bellow, only lowering their voices occasionally to embark on Lyrical Passages, which are pitched on a monotonous note of stilted tenderness. 'Take eloquence,' counselled Verlaine, who never said a truer thing, 'and wring its neck.' By eloquence he probably meant, as I do, lyricism as a substitute for feeling, and rant for thought; in other words, the voice of sentimentality. Its leading spokesman in *The Bishop's Bonfire* is an old bit of blarney called the Codger (charmingly played, I admit, by Davy Kaye). At the drop of a pixie hat, he will expatiate on larks in the clear air and dew on the meadows; and this seems to be all O'Casey now has to offer as an intimation of the

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JOHN CALDER · 17 SACKVILLE STREET · LONDON W.1

Good Life. 'God listens more eagerly to the songs of the Codger,' says the young liberal priest, 'than to our best prayers.' If this is so I can only suggest, with the utmost possible respect, that our prayers had better pull their socks up.

The Fall of Beaulieu

GEORGE MELLY

In the small hours of the morning Lord Montagu told the press that due to 'a large crowd of irresponsible persons' there would be no more Beaulieu jazz festivals. Now, although I'm sure he enjoyed it, one mustn't be sentimental about why he ran jazz festivals at all. Beaulieu is a business. Its assets are a large house with charming grounds and a pretty village at the gates, a collection of unimportant pictures (although there's a splendid one of a cat), an important collection of vintage cars and other vehicles. Even so it is certain that the jazz festival was his trump card. Why has he had to give it up?

Last year there was a real riot. I was there and I saw it happen. In a crowd of several thousand people there are always a few who are really vicious, and of course this was so at Beaulieu. But the main body of rioters were not basically monsters. The causes were various. There was too much beer. There was an injudicious mixture of modern and traditional jazz (to the uninformed reader the only equivalent of this would be to run an Irish Festival in honour of both St Patrick *and* William of Orange). There were the tempting scaffolds erected by the BBC television people. There were not enough bouncers, policemen and dogs once things did get out of hand.

Even so, despite a great deal of destructive stupidity, I didn't feel that most of the crowd involved would have anything to do with something really evil like the Notting Hill Gate riots. This year, inside the grounds, everything was perfectly organised. The modern and traditional concerts were separate. There was a lot of law and quite a few moody-looking dogs. There was, on Sunday at any rate, no beer tent, and the two concerts I saw went like a bomb. The trouble this year was the village.

As far as one can gather there wasn't so much trouble as such. There was a fight but nobody was arrested, there were some windows broken, but the heart of the matter, and what makes future Beaulieu jazz festivals out of the question, is simply that you cannot import several thousands of young, high-spirited people into a small village for two days and expect the villagers to put up with it.

On Sunday, between the two concerts, I walked round. The narrow streets were jammed with kids wearing the extraordinary *Waiting-for-Godot*-type uniform known as 'rave gear'. There was a fantastic amount of litter, but then where could it be thrown away? There were not enough lavatories. The only image I can find to give an idea of what it was like is that of a small Roman town forced against its will to accommodate the army of Spartacus. There really is no solution. The very remoteness of Beaulieu means that once the crowd arrives it just can't go away again until it's all over. The problem is geographical rather than criminal. Lord Montagu is the squire, and in these days paternalism is always dodgy. It depends on mutual acceptance, not divine right. He has had to give in.

Why am I sad? Well, for one thing I've been to Beaulieu since it all started six years ago. Then there was a band from London, two from Southampton, and a crowd of a few hundred. This was organically the right size. The success of the festival has been its undoing.

Yet somehow Beaulieu had become part of how we live now. It gave one a chance to see what was happening to the young, and most of that was for the better: they are more tolerant than they were, mentally tougher, and more vivid and lively. There have been several really magic moments. There have been a lot of giggles. Beaulieu, like Aldermaston, had become one of the secular festivals of the atheist's year.

I shall forget the riots and the litter. I shall remember Anita O'Day singing like an angel and looking like a witty stork, and the house floodlit in the warm night, and in front of it the silhouettes of the dancers jumping for joy.

Perennial Snakepit

JONATHAN MILLER

The population of English mental hospitals is about 140,000. In 1957, 72,000 patients were admitted and, of these, 60 per cent stayed no longer than three months. Only 15 per cent stayed for more than a year. Eighty per cent of all admissions are on an informal basis. That is to say the patients go into hospital by their own choice because they feel they need treatment. Each year the proportion of voluntary patients rises by a substantial margin, an impressive sign of public confidence.

However, this confidence is a fragile thing. The fear of mental hospitals is deeply ingrained and it has taken many years of patient education and publicity to arrive at the degree of trust and co-operation which exists today. It could easily be disturbed. For this reason the National Association for Mental Health were put out by the decision to give a public showing to Franju's *The Keepers* (Jacey). And in fact this film is an uneven and invidious bit of work which must, in the end, do much more harm than good.

Gloomy and frightening, it claims to expose the abuses current in French asylums. It deals with the struggles of a young man who is committed to hospital on the whim of his father. The whole business of his admission seems highly irregular. Can the French system of certification be quite so capricious? The director of the hospital is a fat, bearded failure, whose 30 long years in hospital practice have produced a sterile and cynical pessimism. In his opinion, 'Mental patients are incurable. Most of them are dangerous'. Therapy has no part in his programme. He is, he says, simply a guardian of the public safety. Dressed in a ludicrously sinister uniform of white smock and snap-brim fedora he grunts around his wards, barking out summary diagnoses. 'An obvious case of father hatred,' he sighs and continues the inspection. There is a wealth of gruesome detail. A homicidal maniac runs amok with a hack-saw. An epileptic seizure is shown at length in minute clinical detail. A patient hangs himself in the laundry and the air is alive with the howls of unseen dements.

Despite its reforming intentions the film is so clumsy and melodramatic that it can only confuse and dismay people. The superinten-

Note for next week

ITV Monday, August 7th
at 10.30

Another World

"FOLK OF THE SEA"
The second of Douglas Fisher's three programmes in the Granada "Another World" series

ITV Wednesday, August 9th
at 9.35

HEAD ON!

Randolph Churchill, in the first of a new series, answers back when people say what they think of him

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at 9.35
TV PLAYHOUSE

The Dumb Waiter
by Harold Pinter

ITV Friday, August 11th
at 10.30
APPOINTMENT WITH...

J.B. PRIESTLEY

Priestley talks with Malcolm Muggeridge

ITV Friday, August 11th
at 11.00

On Trial

THE DILKE CASE
Victorian divorce suit which ruined a politician
(A repeat by request)

GRANADA TV

dent is obviously the villain of the piece but his sour dicta may well be remembered for themselves rather than as the mottos of an *ancien régime*. More dangerous than this is the fact that the patients are portrayed as belonging to a different species. There is no sense of their continuity with the normal. It is this continuity which is acknowledged in the regulations of the new Mental Health Act, and at this moment in psychiatric history what we surely need is sober documentary and not the noisy and alarming rhetoric of films like this. The cinema has always been willing to exploit insanity, from the odious *Snakepit* on. *The Keepers* is no better than the raffish run and as such distinctly undesirable.

Sophia Loren has finally emerged from the chrysalis. In *Two Women* (at the Ritz, Leicester Square, and the Continentale) she has spread her wings in a performance which now puts her in the same class as Anna Magnani. Ironically, the film makes a poor vehicle for her talent. Directed by de Sica and Zavattini, of *Bicycle Thieves*, it has epic ambitions which are never fulfilled. The setting recalls that of Rossellini's *Paisa*: the Allies are advancing up the leg of Italy, the Germans are retreating, the Italian fascists falling apart. Harassed by the Allied bombing of Rome, a widow (Sophia Loren) and her teen-age daughter take to a peasant village in the hills. Here, along with the other refugees, she and her daughter pass a hungry, difficult winter, begging and stealing food from the tight-fisted farmers. She still has the physical desires of a young woman but nevertheless reluctantly shuns any relationship which threatens to damage her love for her daughter. The two women are bound together in an embrace which is almost Lesbian in its intensity and tenderness.

When the American tanks arrive, the two of them take advantage of the turmoil and break for home. During their trek they are caught in a ruined church and brutally raped by a randy, whooping horde of soldiers. Stunned and appalled by the assault the daughter recoils from her mother and the film ends with their first agonised attempts to re-establish their friendship as adult women, now on an equal, degraded footing. Despite this harsh line de Sica has been unable to reproduce the forthright honesty of Rossellini's great film of 15 years ago. Time, perhaps, has dispersed the urgency of the theme; at any rate the anguish seems cold and artificial. Sophia Loren's performance alone has the power to move the piece. Her range is enormous, and she carries the whole film on her back.

The Last Sunset is another film that gets above itself. With a pretentious screenplay by Dalton Trumbo it is the familiar Western ritual, skilfully photographed against extravagantly beautiful Mexican scenery. The usual pursuit theme is heavily overloaded with self-consciously poetic dialogue. When the two gun-men are not trying to kill each other, they make bids for the hand of a rancher's widow by competing in lavish displays of what is laughingly called lyrical tenderness. There are some bright shots of huge herds of cattle on the move and a remarkable night scene with St Elmo's fire playing about the horns of the grazing animals.

As part of their programme featuring American classics of the Forties the National Film Theatre have shown Nicholas Ray's *They Live by Night*. It is unfortunate that the print of this film is so worn, since the fitful glare which results rather blurs the dramatic effect. It is the story of three convicts on the run and the screenplay gives exceptional insight, for the movies, into the criminal mind. Howard da Silva grinds out a strong performance as a brutal, one-eyed lag: his fits of rage, childish appetite for publicity and shallow sentimentality are entirely convincing. Farley Granger plays the young bandit and Cathie O'Donnell the girl with whom he shacks up. The puzzled innocence of these two as the law closes in around them comes off well. Best of all, perhaps, is the way in which the film conveys the isolation of the fugitives, the hostile world reaching them only in the crackling atmospherics of the car radio.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,641 Set by Richard Bennett

A local mayor, asked belatedly to speak at a Girls Grammar School Speech Day, apologised to his audience for having little to say at short notice. If he had been given the time, he said, he would have thought of something to tell them which they would always remember. Competitors are invited to suggest what it could have been. Limit 120 words. Entries by 15 August.

Result of No. 1,638 Set by Lancelot

Farringford House, Tennyson's old home in the Isle of Wight, is now a hotel. Competitors are invited to comment on this change in Tennysonian verse.

Report

Most competitors followed W. K. Holmes in thinking that the poet would disapprove – libellously sometimes – of the change. Lyndon Irving's ghost spoke in the northern farmer's voice; A. M. Robertson's found

> Myriads of waiters scurrying on the lawns
> And murmurings of innumerable b--s.

These, with Michael Myer, Robert Gilmour, R. A. McKenzie and J. A. Lindon, are commended. The prize money is divided among the authors of the following:

Where the Laureate on his laurels rested in a bygone day,
Persons who have never read him, if they can afford it, stay.

His is not the first of dwellings where the great their ease have spent
Serving now commercial uses – precedent to precedent.

Does at dusk some startled tourist ask another, '*What is that*?'
Glimpsing a forbidding shadow in a sombre cloak and hat?

Through the unremitting radio does at times a querulous croak
Voice a comment on the racket from a long-lived Talking Oak?

If he lingers round in spirit, does he thank his lucky stars
That he lived ere his approaches were a parking-place for cars?

Yet perhaps he would have noted, in his best descriptive strain,
How the jammed array resembled bright-shelled beetles in the rain.

May there be, amongst the many, one who eats his eggs and ham,
Quaffs his morning tea or cocktail, murmuring 'In Memoriam!'

W. K. HOLMES

> The house where we in quiet accord
> Our days in calm pursuits would spend,
> Or honest talk of friend with friend,
> Now echoes to the alien horde.
>
> Among the pines, where overhead
> A myriad glancing sunbeams played,
> The dusky paths where once we strayed
> Resound to the intruder's tread.
>
> And where the unsleeping waters sigh
> Along the shore, from far and near
> The strangers gather year by year,
> And year by year our memories die.

PENN SPARROW

Then stoutly rumbled Alfred at the bar:
'Come down, O maid, from yonder Yorkshire type.
What pleasure lives in tykes?' (the poet sang)

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'Mix me a draught Bass with a Worthington
And set a whisky chaser by the side.
Ah, not for me the favoured seat wherein
The old boarder loungeth, yielding place to few!
Yet, take my order. Then, I pray thee, leave
These bawdy travellers and widowed crones.
For Love is in the kitchen. Get thee down
To find him. By the hissing ovens he,
Or hand in hand with Wesker at the sink.'
Ice-cold, the bitter barmaid eyed his beard
And said, 'No Rabbis, Beats or Gypsies serv'd.'

TROOPER JONES

The Wash to the Medina gave
A poet-peer: he gave himself,
Enlarged with honours, fame and pelf,
A house hard by the Channel's wave,

Which many an ancient elm embowers.
This mansion worthy of the Muse,
This isle within the Isle, with views,
Almost of Osborne's widow'd towers,

Is now the Farringford Hotel,
An inn with bars and public rooms
For porters, artisans and grooms:
Thus like a thunderbolt it fell.

R. J. P. HEWISON

With sand and shells the flower-plots
Are gaily cluttered, one and all;
Toy spades and pails of tiny clots
Stand by the hat-rack in the hall;

Only the teeming rain can douse
A boarder's joy at finding board
And lodging in this one-time house
Of Tennyson at Farringford.

She said: 'Oh, profits vary,
But still they come,' she said;
She said, 'Do out the end room, Mary –
Good job the old boy's dead!'

GLORIA PRINCE

The Countryside

EDWARD HYAMS

Walking beside the Dart, a friend from London was reminded by the spectacle of a stately umbelliferous plant to tell us the story of the 15th century, or maybe it was 16th, English traveller in Italy who, upon returning home said of the vaunted new Italian vegetable, *seleri*, that it was 'nothing but the smallage'. Only the plant we were looking at wasn't the smallage; it was water dropwort, the hemlock that Socrates died of in the only civilised form of capital punishment ever devised.

It has always seemed to me a singular instance of the total urbanisation of this country-loving nation that I cannot remember a single detective story, and I have read hundreds, in which a native flowering plant is used as the weapon. I recall one in which a poisonous agaric is used, but no victim is killed with hemlock or henbane or nightshade, or any other poison you can get on a country walk and without exposing yourself to that chemist's assistant with the extraordinary memory whom the police always contrive to find.

Yet if arsenic has slain its hundreds dropwort has, in the course of centuries, slain its thousands, usually children and, of course, by accident. It is possible and even probable that the detective story, written by urban types, fails to reflect the truth and that the murders committed with weeds are among the perfect ones, those which are never found out.

The poison-bearing plants differ widely in their manners: water dropwort, as I have said, does its best to look like wild celery and tempts you to eat it. Henbane, on the other hand, *Hyocyamus niger*, gives fair warning in the flaccidity of its leaves, the livid colour first of the flowers and then of the fruit, the clamminess of all the green parts and the foetid stench; all these might have been designed as a warning. But such warning would be misleading, for the plant is valuable, a sedative, perhaps the earliest tranquilliser and soporific to be used in Europe.

It is almost incredible but there are well authenticated records of this peculiar plant, which is apt to appear suddenly in anyone's garden, being mistaken for wild parsnip, which it does not resemble in the slightest, and its root eaten. In one such case, '. . . the roots were boiled in soup of which nine persons in the family partook without remarking any particular taste. The whole of the party were soon seized with indistinctness of vision, giddiness, and sleepiness, followed by delirium and convulsions'. In another case the same mistake happened in a monastery, reducing the entire community to diverse forms of diverting madness such as ringing the bell for matins at midnight or finding the letters in their breviaries 'running about like ants'. There is however no evidence that hyoscine poured into the ear will curdle the blood; so that 'juice of cursed hebonon' presumably came from some other plant, despite the name.

Some readers may remember that in the hot summer of 1959 there was a great outcry in the press because plants of *Datura stramonium*, a very dangerous poison, were popping up all over the place and there was supposed to be a mystery about how it got here so suddenly. There was no mystery and nothing sudden about it. Ever since Gerarde obtained seeds from Lord Edward Zouch, who brought them from Turkey and scattered them wherever he went in order to naturalise a valuable medicinal plant in Britain, the Common Thorn-apple has grown and flowered here in hot years. In cold seasons the seeds simply remain dormant; they are poisonous without any extraction or distillation being necessary, although an adult would have to swallow a good many to die of the dose. One 19th century manual tells me that 'Its properties are well-known in India where it grows abundantly, the thieves and assassins of that country not infrequently administering it to their victims to cause insensibility'.

Go for a country walk with a townsman, and ten to one he will sooner or later point to a plant of the relatively harmless Woody Nightshade and announce, 'Ah, deadly nightshade'. But this, *Atropa belladona*, is a much rarer plant and very handsome with its fine foliage, large bell-shaped purple and gold flowers and dark blue fruits. In 1846 an enterprising countryman picked several bushels of the fruit from a place where the plant was abundant, and hawked them in London as a delicacy. For some reason, only two people actually died. The hawker was convicted of manslaughter. Careless fellow.

But water dropwort is the real stuff. It takes a botanist to tell it from celery. It had killed French prisoners walking on parole near Pembroke in the Napoleonic war; Irish peasants, respectable families in Battersea. Socrates, it will be recalled, died from the feet upwards; but in all other cases I can find, it begins by locking the jaw. Clearly, we were exceptionally lucky to get that message about the cock which was owed to Aesculapius.

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City Lights

TAURUS

Only two of them, when you come to think of it, actually have Royal Families of their own; moreover, Queen Juliana is not quite royal in our sense of the word, and Belgium is somehow less Six than the other five. Still, one can't help feeling that things would have been better managed if the Queen, or the British Travel & Holidays Association, could have been brought in. It was an historic occasion, after all. The galleries were crowded. The world, and the Avenue de la Joyeuse Entrée was mildly agog.

MacEurope stood up, a brilliant self-parody, stumbled his way through a prepared statement, and sank back into the strong, comforting arms of Messrs Heath, Thorneycroft and Sandys. Mr Gaitskell bounced up and did as readers of Mr Crossman's article last week will have expected him to do. Lord Hinchingbrooke sat silently in Sir Winston's place and resigned the first Beaverbrook headlines to Mr Fell. A Tory backbencher asked if we might still keep our sovereignty; a Labour backbencher asked if we would still be able to build Socialism. And then it was over. We had titubated our way into Europe at last.

★ ★ ★

We are not in yet by a long chalk, of course, and the City knows it, but at least we have burnt our boats; the synthetic complacency of the Fifties has gone for good, and the extremes of nostalgia and parochialism with it. The new negotiations will be taking place in a different atmosphere: Mr Heath and his supporters are much more committed than was Mr Maudling in his time, the two Mr Ks are both pressing hard for success from opposite directions, and the anti-Europeans at home have finally been forced on to the defensive. But the negotiations may take a year, and the country is already reluctantly sorting itself out into bewildered factions. In the City and in industry, the livelier sort hopes to rout its opponents by assuming that the battle is already half-won. It is a sanguine assumption, this, and it will be a great pity if Europe (a matter, like the bomb, on which rational calculation is so difficult that great gusts of emotion perpetually threaten to usurp its place) becomes merely another label for a left-right line-up in the Labour Party and the trade unions, and if the official Opposition, aggrieved that decisions of historic importance should be taken by a government of monumental incompetence, holds out an expedient hand to the reactionaries.

There is little doubt, in any case, that the practical consequences of going into Europe will receive much more thought in the next few months than they have received so far. Stockbrokers are already issuing unhelpful circulars; industry is already proposing to step up rather than slacken off its investment effort; only the government is behindhand in working out how to help the many workers employed by firms (and they are not all small) which are unable or unwilling to stand up to competition. It may well be thinking of other things. Mr Lloyd, saving Britain by his exertions, has done Dr Jacobssen proud: a mild recession will help to swing foreign payments back into balance and provide a plausible pretext next autumn for a gentle pre-election opening of the consumer taps. But booms take time to get going, and by the end of next year the first painful effects of joining Europe may be making themselves felt – or at least sufficiently publicised to cloud the atmosphere. The timing of the next election will certainly be a matter of extreme delicacy.

★ ★ ★

Economic planning is back in fashion. The Treasury is still against it; but the big firms are all for it, Mr Lloyd is for it in principle, and Mr Wilson, however much he may regret the theft of his only presentable pair of pants, can hardly disown them overnight. The latest report of the Three Wise Men, who exist to issue independent reports to the public on the basic facts of economic life, reflects the fashion. Completed before Mr Lloyd's announcement of measures, it questions the usefulness of short-term restrictions in general and of Mr Lloyd's brand of short-term restrictions in particular. It calls for a long-term investment plan designed to economise on scarce labour which would be sensitive to the pattern of demand in the world outside Britain, and unaffected by temporary fluctuations in consumer spending. To achieve this, it assumes an independent body which would put together the investment intentions and expected labour requirements of each sector of industry, foresee duplication and bottlenecks, and, relating these individual intentions to a central estimate of the potential output of the whole economy, advise industry either to push harder or to hold back. This same body would be able to produce estimates of the average increase in profits and wages expected to be compatible with price stability and so, indirectly, force firms and unions exceeding this average to justify to the public at large their case (economic or social) for taking more than an average share.

This sort of planning is now regarded, even in the City, as no more than commonsense. Politics is concerned with ends rather than means, and some of the right-wing governments of Europe are used to living comfortably with a much greater degree of planning (and of public ownership) than even Mr Wilson aspires to. But planning depends on co-operation, and our party-ridden society – we read more newspapers than any other country – is still ready to make a party game out of anything. It will be some time yet (especially if the Treasury has anything to do with it) before planning becomes more than an idea.

Company News

Thorn Electrical, despite a sharp setback in its TV business, has unexpectedly increased its trading profit by 5 per cent.

General Electric proposes to stick to its 10 per cent dividend forecast, despite a doubtful earnings prospect and a heavy overdraft.

Mr Wolfson's *Great Universal Stores* has used Mr Lloyd as an excuse for not raising its dividend – an excuse which many other companies, caught up in a stupid rat-race, will be glad to clutch: Mr Wolfson's profits, in fact, are not very good.

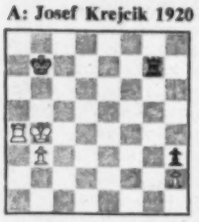
Imperial Chemical is cutting polythene prices once again and going in with Robinson, a paper firm, to develop packaging film: *Metal Box* is to work on polypropylene film with *Shell Chemical* and a large US firm.

British Drug Houses is going ahead with its original scheme to raise capital by issuing a large shareholding to a US firm.

The Chess Board

No. 612. Midsummer Madness

A: Josef Krejcik 1920



It might be more polite to call it hypnotism, for undoubtedly the unfortunate sucker in the true story I have to tell was a victim of hypnotic influence. White against the famous Prof. Dr. J. Krejcik he had reached this safe position, sensibly played 1) Ra2, but was much too shy to make the obvious offer of a draw to so superior a person. The Professor, loath to drop ½ point against a mere rabbit, glared at his opponent, played . . . Rg2 with terrific *aplomb* and then stared at the squares a1 and b1 as if he willed the enemy King to go just there. The sequel was 2) Ka3, Ka6; 3) Rb2,Kb5; and now the poor boob, instead of simply keeping his R for ever trailing between a2 and b2, made the incredible mistake 4) Ka2. Clearly he was mesmerised. How was he punished for his lack of willpower? My offer of 5 ladder-points for this seems fair enough, but I feel even more generous in offering 6 for **B**; more precisely twice 3 points, for this is a dual purpose piece, a mate in 5 for whoever has the move. It is certainly a pretty diagram to look at, and its author called it 'The scale' He might as well have called it 'The Christmas Tree', but then this is August Bank Holiday, isn't it? In offering 7 points for **C** I can save the space of a diagram. Put up the basic position, and let White make 7 moves, each of which is to be slavishly copied by Black; that way contrive a position in which White can force Black to mate him on the next move. **D** (for 8 points) is a rather more elegant self-mate, indeed one of the most elegant I have ever come across. White is to force Black to mate him in 13 moves, and I might add that this pretty piece is remarkable for a delightful 'echo'.

B: K. F. v. Jaenisch 1910

D: M. Havel 1923

E: G. M. Kasparyan 1939

F: Leonid Kubbel 1928

For **E**, a win, and **F**, a draw, I offer 9 and 10 points. Each of them was a 1st prize-winner in famous competitions, and while neither of them is exactly child's play they aren't too difficult either; less so with the useful hint of one word: *zugzwang*! Usual prizes. Entries by 14 August.

REPORT on No. 609. Set 14 July

A: 1) . . . Rb1‡†; 2) Kb1:, Kg3, etc.

B: 1) Rg5†, Kh6; 2) Ra8, h1(Q); 3) Bg7‡!(Rh8†??), Kg5; 4) Be5†, Kh4; 5) Rh8†, etc.

C: 1) Ktg6!, Qd5†; 2) Ka1!, e5; 3) Kte7, Qe6 [Looks safe enough]; 4) Kb1!, g6; 5) Ka1!!, g5; 6) Kb2!, g4; 7) Kc3!!, Qa2; 8) Rb3†, etc. [But 4) Kb2?? would fail against . . . g5!; 5) Kb1, g4; 6) Kb2, Qb6! and draws].

Not too difficult. Prizes: G. Abrahams, C. Allen, D. E. Cohen, J. D. Taylor, J. J. Walsh.

ASSIAC

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS cost 6s. per line (average six words), minimum two lines. Box number 2s. 6d. Prepayment essential. Semi-display giving greater prominence 90s. per inch. Copy by Tuesday first post New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1. Telephone HOLborn 4471

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

Department of Social and Administrative Studies

Applications are invited from graduates in psychology for the post of Research Associate in a project concerned with perception. The project is sponsored by the National Science Foundation, Washington. The appointment will be for 2 years, salary approximately £800 p.a. plus FSSU if applicable. The closing date for applications is 10 September 1961. Further particulars from the Secretary, Barnett House, 40 Wellington Square, Oxford.

GRANADA TV

require a

SCHOOLS LIAISON OFFICER

to be based in Leeds

The Schools Liaison Officer will be the representative of the Schools Television Department covering Yorkshire, Nottinghamshire and Lincolnshire. He will be required to visit schools, report on programmes and initiate and maintain contacts with educational bodies and authorities.

Applicants should have had varied teaching experience; a knowledge of television, educational films or broadcasting would be an advantage.

Five-day week; generous Pension and Dependants' Assurance arrangements.

Write giving details of age, experience and present employment to Appointments Officer, Granada TV, Manchester, 3.

CITY OF LEICESTER CHILDREN'S COMMITTEE

Appointment of Senior Child Care Officer

Amended Advertisement

Applications are invited for this important appointment from women who hold a social science degree or diploma and Home Office certificate in child care, and have had wide experience of work in the child care field.

Duties will be mainly connected with co-ordination and supervision of child care staff, advising on case work problems, and the increasingly important task of training of students. A small case load will be carried and it is hoped that opportunities will arise for the study of special projects. There is a close tie between the Departments and the University of Leicester who have combined to work closely in the development of the new Generic Course which has recently commenced and which is designed to provide professional education for Social Case Workers closely integrating theory and practice.

For those with appropriate qualifications the salary will be APT III (£960-£1,140) plus a special allowance of £100 p.a. The post is superannuable and subject to a medical examination.

Ability to drive a car is essential and the previous holder of the post was granted a casual-user car allowance. It may be possible to assist with housing accommodation.

Application forms and further information may be obtained from the Children's Officer, 20 Millstone Lane, Leicester. Closing date 18 August.

ESSEX

BELHUS PARK COMMUNITY CENTRE

LCC ESTATE, AVELEY

A full-time WARDEN is required as soon as possible for the Centre. Applications are invited from persons with a suitable academic qualification and/or experience of Community Centre work. Housing accomm. on the estate can be arranged. Financial assistance with removal expenses in approved cases. Salary in accordance with Grade I of the Committee's scale for Community Centre Wardens, viz. £875 x £30(6) x £20(1) to £1,075 per annum plus additions for training and qualifications if in accordance with Burnham Further Education Report conditions.

Applications received in response to previous advertisements will be reconsidered. Details and application form obtainable from the Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Chelmsford. Closing date 21 August 1961.

LADY assistant required immediately for book and card shop. Full or part-time. Ring HUNter 0492.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

LANCASHIRE EDUCATION COMMITTEE

ACCRINGTON COLLEGE OF FURTHER EDUCATION

ASSISTANT LECTURER FOR LIBERAL EDUCATION

Applications are invited for the above post. The person appointed will be concerned mainly with stimulating interest in liberal studies in industrial apprentices aged 15 to 21, attending day release courses. He will also be expected to teach ENGLISH to GCE and Commercial students.

Only persons with wide interests and a genuine desire to help the development of young people should apply. A graduate is preferred.

Salary will be in the range of £520 to £1,000 (Grade 'A') or £700 to £1,150 (Grade 'B') plus additional allowances for graduates. The starting salary will be determined by teaching or industrial experience.

Application forms obtainable from P. A. Tomlinson, Divisional Education Officer, Education Office, Gothic House, Accrington, to whom they should be returned as soon as possible.

RAMPTON HOSPITAL, RETFORD, NOTTS

(Special Hospital for Mentally Subnormal Patients)

WHOLETIME CLINICAL PSYCHOLOGIST

Considerable scope for research. Close association with University of Sheffield (Department of Psychology), with facilities to register for Ph.D. Further information from Medical Superintendent. House or quarters available. NHS Conditions and Superannuation applicable. Salary Scale – £790-£1,100 (post-probationary) plus £65 allowance. Candidates may visit hospital by appointment. Applications giving full particulars of qualifications and experience and naming three referees to Medical Superintendent not later than 23 August 1961.

EAST SUSSEX COUNTY COUNCIL

WARDEN AND MATRON required for challenging experiment of recently opened hostel for twelve working boys and girls in Haywards Heath. Warden's salary £730-£805, Matron's £680-£755, less £180 in each case for board residence. £30 additional payment for Home Office Certificate. Alternatively, Warden may follow full or part-time outside employment but receive free board and lodging.

Appointment superannuable and subject to medical examination.

Application forms (s.a.e.) and particulars from the Children's Officer, County Hall, Lewes, returnable within fourteen days of this advertisement.

BODENHAM MANOR SCHOOL NR HEREFORD

A home and school for maladjusted children recognised by the Ministry of Education and organised by the Birmingham Society for the Care of Invalid and Nervous Children.

The Managers of the reorganised Bodenham Manor School are anxious to find a Deputy Headmaster and Deputy Housemother, a man and his wife who are willing to accept a challenge and work in close co-operation with the newly appointed Headmaster and his wife in the task of building up what is to all intents and purposes a new school.

They offer a delightful self-contained flat in a lovely part of the County and lots of hard but rewarding work.

Salary – Deputy Headmaster – Burnham Scale plus Special Schools Allowance plus £90 per annum plus emoluments. Deputy Housemother – £350 x £15 to £400 plus emoluments.

Further details may be obtained from and applications should be addressed to: The Secretary, Birmingham Society for the Care of Invalid and Nervous Children, 23 Laburnum Rd, Birmingham, 30.

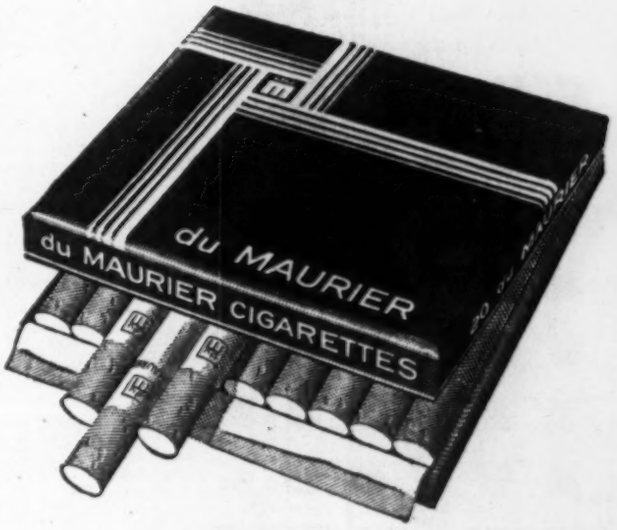
BRIDLINGTON HIGH SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Appointment of WARDEN/MATRON for SENIOR BOARDING HOUSE

Applications are invited for the post of Warden/Matron at the senior boarding house, Bridlington High School for Girls (45 girls in residence) from January 1962. The salary will be £550 per annum, together with free board residence (a tax free emolument).

The person appointed will be expected to take a close interest in the education of the girls and their out-of-school activities, as well as to supervise boarding arrangements.

Applications by letter giving details of education and experience should be forwarded to the Headmistress, High School for Girls, Bridlington, immediately.



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full size

filter tip cigarettes

made from

the finest

Virginia tobacco

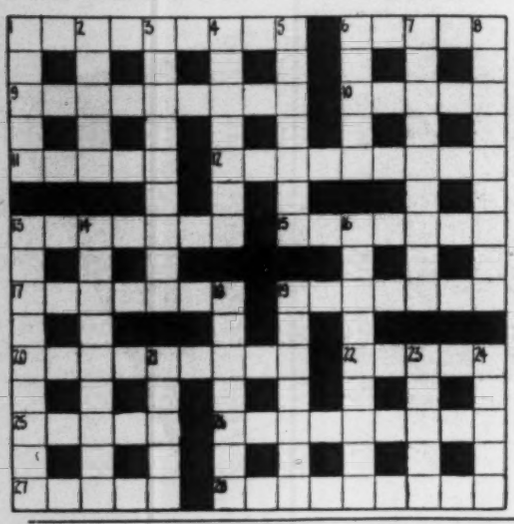
that money

can buy.

Twenty Exceptional Cigarettes for 4/6

Week-end Crossword 469

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 469, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 15 August.



ACROSS

1. Greek discovers a woman's place in a back street (9).
6. Sways the firm (5).
9. Means of prophecy not worth considering without me being in the writing (9).
10. Plants which have sport with a soldier (5).
11. Kind of writing I caught after speedy movement (5).
12. Perhaps I tire in protracted dawdling (9).
13. Name for your holding me to my word (7).
15. The weapon contained within M and B (7).
17. I am followed by a politician in front of his place (7).
19. It may be caused by the sun when there are fifty among the scattered tribes (7).
20. Diana's worshippers in a ship seen wrecked (9).
22. Be mean with the allotted task (5).
25. Steal a girl with a kiss (5).
26. Advantage of having one limb in a viper's coils (9).
27. Vessels in a newer style (5).
28. Was sorry about gluttony surrounding the sober (9).

DOWN

1. The drinker always begins to perspire (5).
2. Girl in excellent shape (5).
3. A mistake over the round as a means of dismissal (9).
4. To agree entirely (7).
5. Pen catalogue for a fine writer (7).
6. Weapon for plunder (5).
7. Sober part of the world (9).
8. Measure up under the plaything for a means of entry (9).
13. Peter and team mix well but are abstemious (9).
14. Quiet opportunity for a game (9).
16. Bring fresh enthusiasm when the top is under control (9).
18. Run like a politician entered in the wrong races (7).
19. Hide in a sack enjoying the sun (7).
21. Notices about ten but there are only two (5).
23. Composer from a scattered tribe (5).
24. River which is the reverse of big-hearted (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 467

G	A	G	E	D		M	A	I	N	B	R	A	C	E
I		A		R		A		N		A		D		N
B	O	M	B	A	S	T	I	C		R	O	U	N	D
B		U		G		C		H		O		M		O
E	U	T	R	O	P	H	Y		N	U	M	B	E	R
R				N		M		C		R				
I	T	C	H		P	A	R	A	P	H	R	A	S	E
S		A		S		K		X		E		T		X
H	Y	P	O	T	H	E	S	I	S		B	E	T	A
		A		A		R		M		A				C
S	H	R	I	M	P		M	I	S	S	P	E	N	T
H		I		P		S		L		P		D		R
A	I	S	L	E		P	R	I	M	I	T	I	V	E
R		O		D		A		R		T		S		
P	I	N	K	E	R	T	O	N		E	T	H	O	S

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 467

Peter McShane (Lanarkshire)
Mrs F. Blauner (London W1)
D. Van Abbé (Folkestone)

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ESSEX
COURTS YOUTH CENTRE, OCKENDON

Applications are invited for the post of full-time DEPUTY WARDEN (female) at this Centre, which offers formal classes in Commercial and other subjects, and recreational activities, for over six hundred members. Candidates should hold a Degree, Teaching Certificate or Diploma/Certificate in Social Studies or Youth Leadership, and must have had experience in Youth Work and/or teaching. Salary £520 x £27 10s. (16) x £40 (1) to £1,000 p.a., with additions for training and graduate qualifications, if in accordance with Burnham Further Education Salary Report conditions. Further details and application forms obtainable from the Acting Divisional Education Officer, Upminster Court, Hall Lane, Upminster, Essex. Closing date 21 August 1961

ESSEX
HARWICH FURTHER EDUCATION CENTRE

Full-time DEPUTY WARDEN (man or woman) required for 1 September or as soon as possible thereafter
Candidates should possess a degree, teacher's certificate or Diploma/Certificate in Social Science or Youth Leadership and have had experience in teaching and/or Youth work.
Salary £520 x £27 10s. (16) x £40 (1) to £1,000 per annum plus graduation and training allowances if in accordance with Burnham Further Education Salaries Report conditions. Increments for previous approved experience (maximum 5), also for teaching service and war/national service. Assistance towards removal expenses available in approved cases.
Details and application forms obtainable from the Divisional Education Officer, Park Road, Colchester.

NATIONAL CAMPAIGN FOR ABOLITION OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

Full-time organising secretary wanted at earliest possible moment. Must be keen abolitionist, first-rate shorthand-typist, some experience in organising. Salary by arrangement.
Write to Victor Gollancz, 14 Henrietta Street, London, WC2.

UNIVERSITY of Tasmania. Lectureship in Political Science. The University invites applications for a Lectureship in the Department of Political Science. Candidates should have competence in one of the following fields: political theory, institutions, international relations, and public administration. The salary scales for Lecturers are Grade II £A1,650-70-£A1,860, and Grade I £A1,860-70-£A2,550. Appointment will be offered within either of these grades according to qualifications and experience. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, Marlborough House, Pall Mall, London, SW1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 11 September 1961.

PART-time tutors in English required for Continental students. 15 hours weekly. Mornings. Denmark Hill, SE5, area. £4 14s. 6d. per week. Box 4865.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Auckland, New Zealand. Elam School of Fine Arts. Applications are invited for the following appointments: Senior Lectureship in the History and Theory of the Fine Arts: The appointee will be expected to deliver to students of all stages, lectures covering the History and Development of Art and Theories of Aesthetics in so far as they concern the practice and appreciation of Art. He need not himself be an active professional artist but should be primarily a man with a wide historical background and a knowledge of methods, materials and techniques of the various fields of art, past and present. Lectureship in Design: The appointee will be required to lecture on the relation of Art to Industry and Principles and History of Design; to teach aspects of two and three dimensional design at all levels of courses leading to the Diploma in Fine Arts (Design). Lectureship in Graphic Arts: The appointee will be required to lecture in the History, Methods and Techniques of Graphic Arts; to teach Drawing and Graphic Techniques (Relief, Intaglio, Planographic and Stencil) at all levels of courses leading to the Diploma in Fine Arts. The salary scales are: Senior Lecturer £1,750 rising to £2,000; Lecturer £1,250 rising to £1,700; commencing salary within these scales will be determined according to qualifications and experience. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, Marlborough House, Pall Mall, London, SW1. Applications close in New Zealand and London on 15 September 1961.

NOTTINGHAM Training College for Teachers. Required in January 1962 a Senior Lecturer in Divinity, who will also be College Chaplain. Salary is Pelham Scale for Senior Lecturers (at present £1,370-£1,600 p.a.). Forms of application may be obtained from the Principal, Nottingham Training College, Clifton, Nottingham, to be returned by 24 August 1961.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of London. Institute of Psychiatry. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in Psychology which will become vacant on or about 1 October 1961. Candidates should have the appropriate qualifications and experience of carrying out practical research work in the field of clinical psychology. FSSU Provisions and Family Allowance. Salary scale: £1,050 x £50 – £1,400 then × £75 – £1,550 then subject to review £1,625 x £75 – £1,850 plus £60 London Allowance. Application forms, which should be returned as soon as possible, together with further information about the post may be obtained from the Secretary, Institute of Psychiatry, The Maudsley Hospital, Denmark Hill, SE5.

WARREN Spring Laboratory (DSIR) Human Sciences Section requires officer to carry out research in relation to the design of hand-and-foot-controls of machines and equipment, and associated enquiry and advisory duties. Suitable candidates will include those having relevant experience and professionally qualified with 1st or 2nd Class Hons degree including psychology as a main subject; a Bachelor of Education degree of a Scottish University or of the University of Belfast; a post-graduate diploma in psychology, following at least two years' systematic study; or Fellowship of the British Psychological Society or equivalent qualification, for whom the grading of Psychologist will be appropriate. Establishment prospects for candidates under 31 years. Salary range (under review) £575-£1,220. Application forms & further inform. from: Director, Warren Spring Laboratory, Gunnels Wood Lane, Stevenage, Herts, quoting 16 S/P.

MIDDLESEX County Council – Education Dept. Part-time Leaders & Assistant Leaders with training & experience reqd for Youth Clubs in Willesden. Remuneration, Leaders 29s. 6d. or 35s. p. evening accdg to qual. Assistant Leaders 22s. p. evening. Full particulars & application forms (s.a.e.) from Borough Education Officer, 163 Willesden Lane, NW6, returnable by 15 August. (Quote G.967 NS).

OPERATIONAL RESEARCH

A major manufacturing company requires an experienced Operational Research Specialist to head a new section. He will be expected to lead and develop the application of operational research techniques in production, research and commercial activities.

A salary of about £3,000 per annum is offered immediately and prospects are good for a man of high quality.

Applicants should send a summary of qualifications and experience to Box 4788.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

PRISON Commission: Women Social Workers. 14 posts for women, normally at least 30 on 1.9.61, with experience of social work and, preferably, degree or diploma in social science. Some of the posts (at detention centres) call for active women prepared to undertake difficult reformative work; others (at a remand centre) require sound understanding of difficult boys and some knowledge of various types of home background. Duties include interviewing boys of 14-21, visiting their homes, writing reports, and helping with general welfare and after-care arrangements. National salary scale £670-£950. Starting salary may be above minimum. Possibility of pensionable employment later. Write Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W1, for application form, quoting 5356/61. Closing date 22 August 1961.

LONDON County Council. Architect's Department. Town Planning. Research Assistants wanted in the Town Planning Division for research on location of industry, population, employment and land use statistics and open space requirements, etc. Applications are invited from persons holding an Honours degree (2nd class or above) in Geography, Economics or the Social Sciences. Applicants should intend to make a career in planning and to qualify as Associate Members of the Town Planning Institute by evening study. Commencing salary in the ranges £680-£960 or £830-£1,250 according to age and experience. Particulars and form returnable by 19 August, from Hubert Bennett, FRIBA, Architect to the Council (EK/N/2233/8), County Hall, SE1.

ST PANCRAS Borough Council. Junior Assistant (General Division) reqd for Cultural Activities section of Public Libraries Dept. General interest in arts essential and practical experience in one of the arts desirable. Progressive salary scale rising to £820 p.a. Commencing salary according age and GCEs, e.g., £435 p.a. at 16 with 5 GCEs including English. GCE in music or art an advantage. Ability to type desirable. Further particulars from Town Clerk, Town Hall, Euston Rd, NW1. (TER. 7070).

FAMILY Service Units requires men and women caseworkers for the development of its pioneer family casework service in London and several provincial centres. Salaries £625-£850 p.a. Resident and non-resident posts. Further information from the Secretary, Family Service Units, 36 St Mary's Grove, N1.

NATIONAL Council of Social Service has interesting senior headquarters administrative vacancy with National Old People's Welfare Council. Knowledge of social services and experience in preparing publications essential; degree or diploma desirable. Starting salary £750 to £800 p.a.; superannuation scheme. Details and application forms from 26 Bedford Square, WC1; closing date 1 September.

CAMBRIDGE House (The Incorporated Cambridge University Settlement) requires a young Leader for its Boys' Clubs for one year. Salary £500 per annum, plus board and accommodation in the Settlement valued at £247 per annum. Application form obtainable from The Head, Cambridge House, 131 Camberwell Rd, London, SE5.

DARTINGTON Hall School, Totnes, Devon. Co-educational Boarding School, ages 10 to 18. Housemother required in January 1962, or possibly earlier, to take charge of a group of 17 boarders aged 10 to 12. Salary £450 plus residence. Write, stating quals and exper. to: Joint Principals.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

INTERVIEWING the Public. Market Investigations Limited have vacancies for full-time women interviewers to work on interesting and non-routine surveys. Although based on London, the posts will entail considerable travel throughout Great Britain. There are good prospects of promotion either in the training and supervision of other interviewers or in survey administration. Applicants should be single, aged over 20, with a good level of education, preferably to degree standard. Pl. write with full details to Miss Lois Symonds, Market Investigations Ltd, 1-2 Berners Street, W1.

INSTITUTE of Personnel Management, 80 Fetter Lane, EC4. Has vacancy for secretary/assistant to Editor; job includes helping with magazine and booklet production and press liaison. Good general education essential, speeds 100/50. Salary range £10-£12 according to age and experience. 5 day week, luncheon vouchers. Telephone for appointment HOL. 3456, ex. 103.

EDITOR of West daily newspaper requires young man as confidential secretary, who can drive, cope with correspondence and other irritants. Box 4871.

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TRANSLATORS, technical and scientific, Russian, German into English, primarily physics, electronics, some chemistry. Well remunerated. Box 4791.

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PERSONAL—continued

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THE Lord Chamberlain Regrets . . . the new revue going to the Saville Theatre 23 August. Book now.

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EXHIBITIONS

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MOLTON Gallery. Luichy Martinez: First London Sculpture Exhibition 10 Aug.-2 Sept. 44 South Molton St, W1. MAY 2482.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. The Artist in His Studio – Photographs by Alexander Liberman. Until 26 August. Daily 10-6, Saturdays 10-1. Admission 1s., mems free.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood. Exhibition: Paintings and drawings by George Romney, 1734-1802. Until September. Admission free. Weekdays 10-7, Sundays 2-7. 210 'bus from Archway or Golders Green stations.

DRIAN Galleries, 5-7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Until 5 August. Paintings by Douglas Bland and Douglas Portway. Sculpture by Lawrence Burt. From 9 Aug. Paintings by Dennis Bowen, Marcelle van Caillie, Daphne Reynolds & Jeannette.

BRIGHTON Art Gallery. American Painting 1815-1865. From the M. and M. Karolik Collection at the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, America. 29 July to 17 Sept. Weekdays: 10-7; Sundays: 2-7. Admn 1s.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Portraits of Fellows of the Royal Society, 1660-1680. Electricity in the Service of Medicine and other exhibitions Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Admission Free

EXHIBITIONS—continued

UPPER Grosvenor Galleries, 19 Upper Grosvenor St, London, W1. Tel. HYD. 3091. 'Autumn Choice', open 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Saturdays 10-1 p.m.

ITALIAN Bronze Statuettes: 15th to 18th centuries. Arts Council exhibition. Victoria & Albert Museum. Till 1 Oct. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues, Thurs 10-8; Sun. 2.30-6. Adm. 3s. 6d.

WADDINGTON Galleries, 2 Cork St, W1. Hilton, Hitchens, Heron, Frost, Yeats, Wynter, etc. 10-6, Sats 10-1.

AGNEW Gallery, 43 Old Bond Street, W1. Old Masters at under £200. 9.30 to 5.30, Monday to Friday.

MARLBOROUGH, 17/18 Old Bond St, W1. At the New London Gallery. Till 11 Aug. Henry Moore Stone and Wood Carvings. In aid of RAF Benevolent Fund. Adm. 2s. 6d., students 1s. 10-5, Sats 10-12.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St George Street, W1. Sculpture: Arp, Butler, César, Giacometti, Hoflehner, Laurens, Matisse, Marini, Moore, Picasso, Richier. Until 1 Sept. Daily 10-5.30. Saturdays 10-1.

MARLBOROUGH, 39 Old Bond St, W1. (HYD. 6195). 'Some Aspects of 20th Century Art'. Dubuffet, Gris, Klee, Leger, Picasso, Pollock, de Stael, Moore, etc. Admission free. 10-5, Sats 10-12.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, W1. MAYfair 4419. St John Child, Dorothy Richard, Ann Ryves: Paintings. 31 July-19 Aug. Daily 10-6, Saturdays 10-1.

NUDES of Jean Straker – Photography 12-9. 5s. Visual Arts. 12 Soho Sq, W1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

Sunday, 6 August

HIROSHIMA DAY AT THE CENOTAPH

Honour the dead – remember the living
10.45 Assemble in Birdcage Walk.
11.15 March to the Cenotaph in silence.
11.30 Laying of wreath by Earl and Lady Russell, followed by silent contemplation and protest.
Vigil ends 12 noon.

Committee of 100, 13 Goodwin St, N4. (ARC. 1239).

ATV's 'Forum', Sunday, 6 Aug. Motion: 'The nation is ill-served by its Trade Unions'. Main Speakers: D. Russell Johnston and Brian Walden. Why not join the audience and take part yourself in live programme? Be at the Studio, 98 Highbury New Park, N5, by 1 p.m.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. T. C. Thomas on 'Cost of Drugs in NHS', 7.30 p.m. Wednesday, 9 August, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Visitors 2s. 6d.

CONFERENCE of University Writers: Keele 15-17 Sept. Lectures by Alvarez, Fraser. Poets coming: Patricia Beer, Patrick Kavanagh, R. S. Thomas and others. Readings, discussions, informal meetings, etc. Inclusive cost £5. Book with: Manager, Universities Poetry, Dept of English, University College, Keele, Staffs.

UNILATERAL Listening Meeting – Audience CND & others. Speaker: Empire Loyalist. 4th of a series of Listening Meetings aimed at breaking Conference Deadlocks by conscious listening to opposed viewpoints. 7.30. (Doors close 7.45 as opening speech essential to understanding), Friends House, Euston Rd, Tues. 8 Aug.

'THE Challenge of Vinoba Bhave-Saint on the March'. Speaker: Donald Groom. Sunday, 6 August at 6.30 p.m. Friends House, Euston Road, NW1.

'MAN: His Nature and History'. Public lecture, 6 Aug., 8 p.m. Free lit. S.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2. PAD. 0688.

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R. VEDANTA Centre, 68 Dukes Ave, Muswell Hill, N10: Swami Ghanananda, Sun. 6 Aug. 5 p.m. Upanishads. Then re-commence September. Vedanta Magazine 2s. 6d.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

PROSPECTS of the Sea – an anthology of music and verse. The New Jewish Society, 83 Chiltern Street, W1, on Wednesday 9 August at 8 p.m.

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

AUGUST 'Labour Monthly', War Threat – Why? Andrew Rothstein; The Case Against the Common Market: J. E. Mortimer; Boilermaker Speaks to Miners: E. J. Hill; African Workers Unite: Ian Page; 1s. 6d. or 9s. half yearly. Dept NS, 134 Ballards Lane, London, N3.

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